National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press.

From the New Orleans Daily Bee.

FATHER MATHEW AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Since the arrival in this country of the great apostle of Temperance, he has been subjected to the importunities of the pestilent knaves who, under the leadership of WM. LLOYD GARRISON, are eternally waging war upon the South and her institutions. The Abolitionists have made formal and insidious efforts to entrap Father MATHEW into their meetings, and to make him an accomplice in their iniquitous designs—but in vain. The excellent old priest has too much good sense to sanction, either by word or deed, the insane projects of a faction that is constantly striving to sow the seeds of animosity between the different sections of the country. With pointed courtesy, but with marked decision, he has declined all their invitations to participate in their proceedings.

GARRISON, the champion of the Abolitionists—irritated and angry at the failure of his attempts to cajole Father Mathew, has published a version of the interviews which he had with the reverend father. We have read this account, one-sided and partial as it is, and find that the sentiments expressed by Father MATHEW are highly creditable to him, and such as become any foreigner sojourning in our country and receiving its liberal hospitalities. In reply to GARRISON's entreaties to unite with the Abolitionists in the celebration of the anniversary of British West Indian Emancipation, he said "I have as much as I can do to save men from the Slavery of intemperance, without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of Slavery. Besides it would not be proper to commit myself on a question like this, under any circumstances." And when still more eagerly solicited by GARRISON, the honest old man frankly avowed that though he was no advocate of Slavery, he could not say there was any specific injunction against it in the scriptures. The whole tenor of his remarks was such as to prove to the Abolitionists that he desired no connection with them, and entertained no sympathy for these mischievous fanatics. GARRISON terminates his letter by the following confession:

> Finding nothing [illegible] gained by protracting the interview, and feeling deeply saddened by the result, we took our leave again expressing the hope that he would attentively read the letter we had just put into his hands, and answer it at his earliest convenience. To that letter he has not had the courtesy to reply.
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> I have endeavored to state what was said at this interview by Father Mathew and myself with as much verbal accuracy as possible, and believe that I have not only given the substance, but mostly the exact words of the conversation between us. What gave the special surprise, and inflicted the deepest wound upon my spirit, was the apparent lack of [illegible] of all interest in the Anti-Slavery movement. Not a syllable [illegible] expressive of pleasure that the American slave has his faithful and devoted advocates—or of joy at the emancipation of eight hundred thousand bondmen in the British Isles! It is with great sorrow of heart that I lay these facts before America, Ireland and the world.

That the South will applaud the conduct observed by Father MATHEW on this occasion, is a matter of course: but we are gratified at observing that even at the North a general sentiment of disgust is manifested at the impudent effort of GARRISON to induce the Apostle of Temperance to play into the hands of the Abolitionists. We scarcely open a Northern paper that does not contain a rebuke to the Anti-Slavery leaders for this flagrant outrage upon decency and decorum. Hardly could a more conceivable wrong be offered to any man, than has been sought to be put upon Father MATHEW. He came amongst us exclusively for the propagation of a principle that challenges the approbation of the world. His mission was one of peace, good will, benevolence and human amelioration. His purpose was to traverse the country, from North to South, administering the pledge, exhorting to temperance, strengthening the feeble, admonishing the wayward, reclaiming the backslider. It was a mission that would fitly crown a life spent in the performance of duties as exalted as any that ever devolve on man. While engaged in the strenuous accomplishment of this self-imposed task, the canting scoundrels, who for years have been aiming at the dissolution of the Union and an intestine warfare between its several sections, seek to make him a party to their wickedness, to mix him up with their incendiary projects, and to convert him from an Apostle of Temperance into an Abolition propagandist. A more vile, heartless and infamous scheme was never concocted. But it has failed,—signally failed. Father MATHEW knew how deep would have been his guilt, had he been seduced from his high and holy purposes, to the furtherance of the execrable machinations of the Abolitionists. He knew that, apart from the intrinsic criminality of such conduct, he would have been rendering a base return for American kindness and hospitalities, if he had, for one moment given countenance, to a faction that avows its contempt for the restraints of Government, and its abhorrence for the Constitution and the Union. He has, therefore, acted wisely as well as nobly—he has obeyed the suggestions of a sound judgment while following the dictates of a grateful heart.

This fellow GARRISON is now endeavoring, in his mortification and rage, to arouse the fell spirit of persecution against Father MATHEW, and we presume that by the time the latter reaches the New England States, he will find many canting Pharisees ready to stand in judgment over him, and to treat him with obloquy for his manliness and good sense. But we cannot imagine that the people at large will have their admiration diminished, or their respect annihilated, for the venerable clergyman, because he does not think proper to join the Abolitionists. At all events, should Father MATHEW experience any lack of courtesy in the North through the denunciations of GARRISON and his crew, let him hasten his journey Southward, where a wide field is open to his philanthropic labors, without the slightest apprehension of his being impeded in their performance by intolerance and prejudice, whether sectional or national.

From the Jackson (Miss.) Mississippian.

FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW.—We have refrained from expressing other than the same general feelings of approbation in reference to the course pursued by Father Mathew on the subject of Temperance. That is a reform which must shed happiness and glory upon our country wherever it may be successfully carried out. It has not been our province, however, to join in with the spirit that has actuated some of our fellow-citizens and societies, in inviting to this State Father Mathew. We could not do so consistently with those feelings which the conduct of that gentleman in 1842 awakened against him everywhere in the South. In that year, we received an address from Ireland, signed by Daniel O'Connell, Theobald Mathew and others, and in which the Irishmen and women in our country were called upon to *hate Slavery and cling by the Abolitionists.*" It was circulated extensively over the Union, and strong appeals made on the ground, that the address was signed by such men as Daniel O'Connell and Father Mathew. But we are proud to say, that it entirely failed in its object, and Irishmen everywhere treated the appeal as an insult to their honor and patriotism, as adopted citizens of the United States. We have preserved that address, and we think a grosser and more denunciatory tirade against the Southern States, no words, however coarse and disgusting, in the English language, can equal.

In view of these facts, we think that we would be doing our own feelings and the honor of Mississippi injustice, to join in an invitation to Father Mathew, to partake of the hospitalities of Mississippi, before receiving from him any apology for, or explanation of, his previous conduct. He is a foreigner, and no doubt ignorant of the social condition of our slaves, while his conduct in the temperance cause convinces us that he desires to act the part of a philanthropist. It may be true, therefore, that his past conduct has arisen from mistaken views, which experience can correct. But for this opinion, we should not consent to accept from him even an apology or explanation. We append the document itself:

[The Address is here copied, with which our readers are familiar.—*Ed. Standard.*]

The fact that this address was signed by 70,000 inhabitants of Ireland, shows us clearly, that the move was not an unpremeditated one. It had been got up with much labour, and was intended to appear in our country with all the solemnity and form which numbers and character of the signer could give it. No step could have been taken by the Abolitionists with more ingenuity and finesse than this one evinces. It failed, but it was not owing to any lack of money or aid of the Abolitionists in this country, but solely from the purity and patriotism of the Irish heart. If there are any in the South who can receive Father Mathew with open arms, while this slander upon our character and insidious device for the destruction of our property and the flow of blood, stands unexplained and unrecanted, we confess that we are not among the number.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Chronicle.

FATHER MATHEW.—Scarcely had this great man taken his lodgings at the Adams House, in Boston, when Wm. Lloyd Garrison, one of the high priests of Abolitionism, impudently obtruded himself with letters of invitation from the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for him to be present and cooperate at an Abolition meeting. The good man, with characteristic good sense, immediately detected the trick, and told the officious meddler, that, for himself, he had enough to do to mind his own business, without interfering with matters in America which did not concern him or his mission. Thus repulsed, Garrison said to him, "The Abolitionists have no wish to divert you from the great mission which you have come to America to prosecute; on the contrary, they feel a deep and lively interest in that mission, and desire that your efforts may be crowned with abundant success. *But they trust that, while you are in the country, you will occasionally find an opportunity, both in public and in private, to admonish your countrymen to be true to liberty, and to give no countenance to Slavery or its abettors; for there is great need of such counsel, as they are giving the weight of their religious and political influence to the side of the slave power. They hold the key of the slave's dungeon, as the balance of political power is in their hands.*" Here was a mean seeking effort, to invoke for an unholy and nefarious party purpose the popularity and influence of the beloved stranger, which, as a philanthropist and a Christian priest, he so deservedly enjoys. As a Catholic priest he is called upon to *seek* opportunities, both public and private, to persuade and influence the Irish Catholics of this country, to ally themselves with Abolitionists to invade and crush the rights of the South. For once, they have met with a foreign traveller whose self-respect and manly sense of propriety have been proof against their artful seductions. Father Mathew remained firm to his purpose, in rebuking the impertinence of Garrison; and the latter, to use his own language "finding nothing was to be gained by protracting the interview," took his leave, "feeling deeply saddened by the result."

From the Fairfield Winnsboro S. C. Herald.

FATHER MATHEW AND W. L. GARRISON.—Father Mathew, the distinguished Temperance Lecturer and Irish Prelate, has been urgently solicited by W. L. GARRISON, the notorious Abolitionist, to lend his name and influence to the Abolition party of the North, for the purpose of securing through him, such of the Catholics who may be under his influence, to aid and assist them in their assault upon Southern rights and property.

The conversation between Father MATHEW and GARRISON, may be interesting to some of our readers, consequently we extract a portion for their perusal.

It appears that GARRISON at a public meeting, gave an account of an interview had with Father MATHEW upon the subject of Abolition as follows:

The most *piquant* portion of the proceedings was Mr. Garrison's account of his interview with Father Mathew, as a Committee to invite him to attend this meeting. He, Mr. Phillips and Dr. Bowditch were a Committee to wait upon him for this purpose. When he was introduced to him, Father Mathew said,

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Garrison, though I have never seen you before?"

"Yes," replied Mr. G. "My name is sufficiently notorious, but not yet popular."

After some civilities touching common friends at Cork, Mr. Garrison broached his business, which evidently produced no agreeable impression on the Apostle's mind.

"He could not intermeddle in matters of this sort; he came merely for the specific object of advancing temperance; he was besides a Catholic Priest, and could not engage in proselytism."

"It was true," Mr. G. replied, "that he could not with propriety engage in proselytism; but this was not a matter of theological opinion, but of a common humanity, like his own Temperance movement, and so not incompatible with it.

Father Mathew still persisted in his refusal of the proposition, and intimated that he was not sure that there was any prohibition of Slavery in the Scriptures?

"But there is a very plain one here!" replied Mr Garrison pointing to his own breast.

He then reminded Father M. that *he had signed an Address once, together with Daniel O'Connel, urging his countrymen in America to identify themselves with the Abolitionists and to be true to the slave.*

"Yes," replied he, "I remember it, and I recollect, too, it brought upon me a good deal of odium."

The interview ended by the Committee placing their letter in Father Mathew's hands, asking his consideration of it, and such reply as he thought fit to give it. As he has never given any reply, Mr. Garrison felt himself called upon to relate the particulars of this interview as the only answer that could be expected.

Quere.—Will Father Mathew be invited to visit Winnsboro? He has been invited to visit Charleston.

We wonder if his opinions have undergone any change with respect to slaveholders?

From the Augusta, Ga Republic.

We are pleased to make the following extracts from Noah's Sunday Times, (N. Y.) Father Mathew is evidently a wise as well as a good man. But the extract shows what we wish our readers to know:—

"FATHER MATHEW AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.—The great propagandist of Temperance has incurred the signal displeasure of the Abolitionists, by declining to join in certain exercises at Worcester, commemorative of the liberation of the blacks in the British West Indies. A committee, with William L. Garrison at its head, waited upon him in Boston with an invitation to the meeting, and endeavored to wring from him an avowal of his sympathy with the views and purposes of the Anti-Slavery fanatics. The attempt failed; and Mr. Garrison foiled and mortified, has published in the Boston *Liberator* an account of the interview, in which, through all its affectation of fairness, the malignity of the disappointed factionist is plainly apparent. He gives, however, what purports to be a verbatim account of the conversation between himself and Father Mathew, and upon this the public will put their own interpretations, without paying much heed to the lamentations of the Abolitionism over the degeneracy of the Apostle of Temperance.

"Mr Garrison states that on handing to Father Mathew a letter, inviting him, in the name of the 'Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,' to join in celebrating the anniversary of negro emancipation in the West Indies, the priest made the following reply:

"'I have as much as I can do to save man from the Slavery of intemperance, without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery. Besides it would not be proper for me to commit myself on a question like this under present circumstances. I am a Catholic priest; but, being here to promote the cause of temperance, I should not be justified in turning aside from my mission for the purpose of subserving the cause of Catholicism.' * * *

"We do not know the present views of Father Mathew on the subject of negro slavery. Probably, as before remarked, they have been greatly modified since 1842. But be this as it may, the wisdom of his conduct in refusing to sacrifice the object of his mission at the back of the disunionists will be admitted by all unprejudiced men."

From the Mobile, Alabama, Register & Journal.

FATHER MATHEW ATTACKED.—Garrison, of the Boston Liberator, has opened the port holes of that concern, and fired a broadside at Father Mathew.—The offence of the latter is that he declined the invitation of a committee to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the abolition of British West India Slavery, giving as his reason that 'he had as much as he could do to save men from the slavery of intemperance without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery.' In retaliation Mr. Garrison gives his version of an interview, which he and another person had with Father Mathew, during which, the latter is reported to have made use of the above expression.

From the (Montgomery, Alabama) State Gazette.

GARRISON AND FATHER MATHEW.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the leader of the Abolition bedlamites of Massachusetts, called on Father Mathew during his recent visit to Boston, and invited him to attend a crazyite celebration of the anniversary of the West India emancipation of Slavery. Father Mathew declined the honor, and sent Garrison back with a flea in his ear. This Abolition demagogue complains that the apostle of temperance manifested no sympathy for the fanatics and that he asserted, that Slavery was not condemned by the Scriptures, &c. The priest told him that his sole mission to this country was to advance the cause of temperance and that he could not be turned aside from that purpose for any consideration whatever.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

ABOLITION vs. TEMPERANCE.—The notorious Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in his exclusive attachment to the *darker* side of philanthropy, has been doing his best to "corner," if not paralyze Father Mathew in his benevolent purposes, with regard to the Irish in America. It is abominable that a man, unexceptionable as a Christian, a divine, and a gentleman, cannot land, upon our shores but the dogs of intolerance and fanaticism are immediately set at his heels, if possible to turn him from the path of his peculiar utility. Cannot these people do good in their own way, without turning to bitterness those fruits of endeavor which may not come under their immediate control? Have these Boston "poros" no sense of the courtesy which is due to a stranger—one only anxious to escape controversy in order to devote himself to what he knows will be practically beneficial? The letter which we append will show that the wretched selfishness of a few leading Abolitionists may probably embitter the remainder of Father Mathew's stay in America. It will show that these men recognize but one evil in christendom, and that is Slavery. Why should Father Mathew visit the South to reform drunken whites, when he might instruct the blacks how to cut their throats during a debauch? Why should a messenger of peace presume to visit our shores unless consenting to travel the sectarian track dictated to him? Garrison and his brethren would fain have tied the feet of the Apostle of Temperance, and now, finding him true to his mission—to his holy, single-hearted purpose—they, with a malignant chuckle, publish what they conceive to be their triumph. Thank heaven, there is sense and rationality extant, and Father Mather may survive.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer.

FATHER MATHEW AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.—It appears that Father Mathew is subjected to great annoyance by the Abolitionists, because he will not meddle with other men's matters and wage war against Southern institutions. We published, last week, Garrison's account of an interview with him; we now add the account of another interview, by one Robert B. Rogers. The plot thickens. We expect it will terminate in something racy. Abolitionists, by their mad zeal, are doing us good service while seeking to work us ill. Here is Mr. Roger's account of his interview.

[An account of the interview between Father Mathew and Mr. Rogers was published in the Standard, August 23, we therefore omit it.—*Ed. Standard.*]

From the Nashville (Tenn.) True Whig.

ABOLITIONISM—U. S. MAILS.—LETTER FROM HON. MR. COLLAMER.—The most violent and unjustifiable attacks have been made upon Mr. Collamer, General Taylor's Postmaster General. He has been denounced time and again as an Abolitionist, and charged with being unworthy of the confidence of the South, in his official capacity. The following letter stamps as false the first branch of this charge, and exposes the utter futility and absurdity of the latter. But without further preface, we will let Mr. Collamer speak for himself:

[Mr. Collamer's letter to Mr. Crawford of Alabama, has been already published in the *Standard.*—*Ed. Standard.*]

It will be seen by every intelligent reader that Mr. Collamer stands precisely where the great body of the Northern people stand, *Loco-focos*, as well as *Whigs*, on this exciting question. He is opposed to Slavery as an original or abstract question, and of course opposed to its further extension. What northern man is not? But he is opposed to all interference with Slavery in the States. As a public man at the North he dares not occupy more Southern ground. The charge that he is guilty or capable of using his authority to circulate incendiary documents at the South, is one of those foolish and infamous falsehoods, which sometimes are invented for the mere love of slander and calumny. It is unsupported by a single fact worthy of the notice of a man of sense, and is flatly contradicted by the whole course and tenor of his moral deportment, public and private. The *Raleigh Register*, speaking on this subject, very aptly remarks: "The Editors of the Union are aware that the Postmaster General has no means of preventing the people from writing, and printing, and circulating through the mails any opinions, however criminal or absurd. He is no Censor, vested with power to open people's letters and packages at pleasure, and to throw out such as the Government may disapprove. *God forbid that he should be! We shall cease to be a free people when the Government is invested with censorial power.* It is only in absolute monarchies, or in sham republics, like that of France, where such power is enjoyed. If Mr. Calhoun were Postmaster General, he could do no more than Mr. Collamer has done to prevent the circulation of such documents without a gross violation of his official oath. The Editors of the Union are well aware of this fact as they are that the President has no right to declare [or make] war, and yet, to cheat the people into the support of its friends, this artful, insidious, and base appeal is made on the eve of elections, to the excitable sensibilities of Southern minds on the subject of Slavery.

"If the Federal Government possesses a censorial power over the press or the mails, a state of things may easily be imagined in which this despotic prerogative would be wielded with tremendous effect, not to sustain, but to overthrow Slavery. The North has already a majority in the House of Representatives, and four majority in the Senate, (as Delaware may fairly be set down as a free State,) and in the course of two or three years this majority will be considerably augmented in both branches, by the increase of population, and the addition of new States to the confederacy. Is it to be supposed that a majority—a large majority of the States and the People—will tolerate the assumed superiority of the South, as claimed by the Union? Is it to be believed that they will acknowledge the doctrine that a Northern man cannot be trusted with the Post Office Department! The idea is preposterous; and remarks like those of the Union are well calculated to engender a feeling of resentment and indignation in Northern minds, and to cause them to set up a special claim to that particular department to which the Union pronounces them ineligible. When matters come to this point—when the Post Office Department is claimed on sectional ground—and the North obtains possession of it, as it must, if the offensive assumption of superiority set up by the Union is maintained by the South, it is not difficult to imagine that an illegal censorship of the mails may take place, not for the purpose of checking the circulation of incendiary publications, but for the advancement of that diabolical object. We will not, however, suppose the Northern people capable of such madness, even by way of retaliating on the South for this unauthorized assumption of superiority by the Union.

"The South, for the reasons stated, has infinitely more to fear from the adoption of the principle of interference with the mails than she has to hope from it. It would produce an inextinguishable burst of indignation in every quarter of the free States, and, like the unfortunate avowals of Mr. Calhoun in reference to his policy of extending Slavery by annexing Texas, would give great strength to the Abolitionists. It would array every Northern man on their side, by identifying their cause with that of civil liberty for which our forefathers fought."

The most disheartening feature in this controversy with the North, on the subject of Southern rights, is the fact that it has not ceased to be used unscrupulously *at the South* for purposes of merely partizan aggrandizement. Truman Smith and Jacob Collamer are no less true friends to the South, than James Buchanan, George Bancroft, Silas Wright, and the great body of the Democratic leaders at the North; and yet they are denounced no less ferociously than falsely, as being odious and foul Abolitionists, to whom no political atmosphere is so congenial as the pestilential vapors of fanaticism. These unjust denunciations operate with the two-fold effect of driving from our standard able and influential men of the North, and driving asunder the great body of the people at the South. Hence this indiscriminate denunciation of *Northern men*, for merely *party purposes at the South*, is the greatest TREASON TO THE SOUTH, and should be rebuked as such by all good and discreet *friends of the South*. Until Southern partizans cease to denounce indiscriminately those of another section of the Union, as inimical to *Southern rights*, because, forsooth, they happen to be opposed to *National politics*, the South never can enjoy the advantages of that high-toned moral position before the whole country, and that indissoluble union with herself, which is essential to her *effectual* and *peaceful* protection against Northern aggression. "Until the importance of this question (says the Milledgeville Recorder,) shall be felt to be *paramount* to all party objects, standing out and alone as the *vital interest* of the South, in which her very existence is involved, and above and beyond all merely party questions, we are utterly hopeless of all salutary action by our people in relation to it. And to concentrate public feeling and determination in this momentous subject, it must be obvious that the real state of the case must be presented; which is simply and shortly that the entire free States are hostile to our peculiar institution, and will forever war upon it, some in one way and some in another, but all against us. When this view of the matter is realized by the people of the South, the only question will then be, how best to defend themselves. When they in earnest come to this point—when the immediate importance of the subject over-rides all mere political partyism;—we have no doubt they will find within their reach the means of self-defence, and will use them too. The question has to be met, if met at all, in this way—the free States against the slave States, whether the former may claim Whiggery or Democracy, as their particular party creed. At what stage of the aggression the people will come to this point, we will not pretend to say. The veneration of the people for the Union—the cohesive nature of party—the immensity of the question itself, these and other considerations have produced a forbearance on the part of our people which seems to be but little appreciated by the aggressors. At what point of the aggression the people of the South will be brought to realize that these and all similar considerations must and shall give way to the higher consideration of self-preservation, we cannot, we repeat, pretend to say. But of this we are very certain—that this point never will be arrived at, until mere partyism is the first sacrifice offered to ensure it."

Thus, let the good, and prudent, and temperate, of all parties at the South, join together in frowning down the fierce and inflammatory assaults too often made upon the strongest defenders of our *Constitutional rights* at the North!

From the (Nashville, Tenn.) Daily Union.

COLLAMER IN THE FIELD!—The Post Master General, Jacob Collamer, has taken the field in Alabama by a political letter dated July 10, in answer to certain charges made against him by a candidate for Congress. He denies that he is an Abolitionist, but says he "regards Slavery as a *very great political and moral evil*," and thinks "*nothing should be done by this government to extend or increase it.*" This letter was written to Alabama, and we find it published in the *National Intelligencer* at Washington city—it emanates from General Taylor's cabinet and it says to the slaveholders of Alabama:—*Slavery is a very great political and moral evil*—yet this cabinet officer who steps into the political arena, just before the election in Alabama, denies that he is an Abolitionist! We had supposed that the cabinet had done all their electioneering through "the wooden nutmeg Senator, Truman Smith"—but it now appears that at least one of the Ootimerate was not willing to commit the whole work to Truman Smith.

From the (Florence) Enquirer.

JACOB COLLAMER.—The Gazette avails itself of a letter in our last number, from the Post Master General to deliver itself of a terrible phillippic against that gentleman. Our readers will recollect that Mr. Collamer's letter was written in answer to the charges, made against him by Col. Inge, that he was using his position as Post Master General to advance the schemes of the Abolitionists, by flooding the slave States with incendiary abolition writings. The charge was pronounced by Mr. Collamer false and slanderous; he denied having the power, if he had the inclination, to control the matter transmitted through the public mails; that he was or even had been an Abolitionist, and asserted that he had been often assailed and bitterly opposed by the Abolitionists of his own State. Yet he confessed that he was an Anti-Slavery man, and opposed to the extension of Slavery to our new territories. The *Gazette* still insists that Mr. Collamer is still an Abolitionist, a rank heretical, and corrupt Abolitionist! The *Gazette* does more than assert—it proves. It proves the Post Master General to be an Abolitionist, by extracts from his speeches, that distinctly announce his opposition to the extension of Slavery, and his desire that emancipation throughout this Union should be speedily accomplished—and this being established, the *Gazette* triumphantly demands that a verdict of "guilty of Abolitionism" shall be rendered against him. If such be the *Gazette's* definition of Abolitionism, then is Mr. Collamer guilty. But we deny the correctness of the definition and assert, that, among well-informed circles, it is known that there is a wide difference between one who is opposed to the extension of Slavery to California and New Mexico and an Abolitionist. The one is a law abiding man, the other a law breaker; the former seeks not to disturb the relations of master and slave in those States, where Slavery at present exists, while the latter, the Abolitionist, does seek to disturb those relations; he endeavors to light up the torch of servile war by scattering his incendiary writings throughout the slave States; he aids and abets in the escape of slaves: he tramples under foot the law, giving the master the right to pursue his fugitive slave into a free State and recover him; he is for disunion! These are important differences, and they relieve General Taylor entirely of all odium in appointing such men as Mr. Collamer, to a place in his Cabinet. Custom and justice demanded that some of the Cabinet appointments should be given to Northern statesmen, but Gen. Taylor would have sought in vain if he had tried to find a Northern statesman, of either party, who was in favor of extending Slavery to the new territories. Failing in this, we are satisfied at General Taylor's appointing to places in his Cabinet men who, while they admit they are opposed to the extension of Slavery, yet like Mr. Collamer, always "discountenance and oppose all measures, public and private, intended to interfere with or disturb the institution of Slavery as existing with the States, as recognized by the constitution;" men, who like Mr. Collamer, *and unlike Northern Democrats* are opposed to erecting this question of Slavery in the new territories, into a rock whereon the Union shall be split by making it a sectional issue, the subject of *party* strife, the basis of *party* organization.

From the New-Orleans Courier.

ABOLITION DOCUMENTS.—The *Abbeville* (S. C.) *Banner* states, that at least half a bushel Abolition publications, directed to persons mostly in the upper part of the State, had passed through the Post office at that place a few days ago. There is something devilish in the pertinacity thus evinced by Northern Abolitionists, in their endeavors to disturb the tranquility of the South, if not to produce an insurrection among its slave population, and ultimately a dissolution of our Union. The transmission of such incendiary publications to community that detest them and their authors, cannot be regarded as an appeal to reason. The design is to insult the Southern people, and to loosen the bonds of union which exist between them and the great mass of their brethren in the South and West.

These are amongst the legitimate fruits of the last presidential election. The large infusion of Abolitionism in the present administration of the General Government, has doubtless encouraged the Abolitionists in their mischievous designs. But the patriotism and good sense of the American people will eventually prevail over them and their abettors in authority.

From the Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser.

OUR COUNTRY.

"The Post Master General has no power, direction or control over the matter to be mailed."

The above declaration of MR. COLLAMER, we regard as ominous of great evil to the South. Almost every mail from the North is loaded with Abolition documents, which denounce our institutions and violate the feelings and immunities of our people. Our own true and faithful citizens are thus made the unwilling agents in carrying and distributing these incendiary works, which are intended to defame and destroy their own institutions and liberties.

To make sure this foul work the North has sent into our midst, her hired emissaries, who stealthily prowl through our country as reconnoitering spies, and maintain an enigmatical correspondence with the accursed and avowed enemies of our State.

Mr. Collamer excuses himself from all responsibility from these unprincipled violations, by disclaiming all "power direction or control over the matter."

If this position be true, and these deliberate attempts to undermine the government of our State, be continued and allowed, a dissolution of the Union is our certain and not unhopeful destiny. The South will not consent thus to traduce her own institutions, and Northern emissaries for this unhallowed purpose, will be "*tried, condemned, and hung as spies.*" This odious and unconstitutional interference with our rights is a growing evil. It is far worse than this.

It is an evil that is utterly intolerable, and yet irreparable, unless by Congress. Will Congress relieve us? Our Senators and Representatives in Congress, our past history, and present condition, tell us too truly that we are doomed to destruction by this very body. The fire of eloquence—the might of reasoning—the appeals of justice and patriotism—the guarantees of the constitution, sealed with the common blood of a common ancestry of heroes and patriots, have been brought into requisition to stay the bloody tide of Abolitionism. But in vain!

We now look to disunion as our only hope. It is an experiment of great magnitude and involves terrible responsibility—but it is one that *must* be met. In the language of the immortal Henry, I would say, "*let it come!*"

The declaration of Collamer is indeed "the bugle blast of the highway robber inviting his comrades to the spoil."

ED. PRO. TEM.

From the Fredericksburg Recorder.

BEWARE OF SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE!—We have for some days deferred acknowledging the receipt of the August No. of Sartain's Union Magazine, published in Philadelphia; and we do so now, with feelings very different from those which have hitherto influenced us. We have hitherto spoken of this periodical in terms of commendation, but we now retract all that we have said, and warn our fellow-citizens of the *South* against it, as inculcating doctrines untrue and prejudicial in the highest degree to our rights, and even to our safety. It becomes us, as prudent men, to view with scrutiny, if not with suspicion, the periodical literature with which the North is now flooding us. The number of this Magazine of which we are speaking contains a tale entitled "Roanoke; or, Where is Utopia?" which is continued from a previous number that escaped our observation. The hero of the tale is "Wild Bill," a runaway slave, who is represented by a hideous cut, and is made ingeniously to justify the many murders he has committed, and to defend principles as foul as the blackest Abolition heart ever bred, or the most poisonous tongue could utter. The author of the tale is C. H. Wiley; should either he, or the editors or proprietors of Sartain's Magazine, place foot upon the South side of the Potomac, they might reasonably be expected to be dressed in a coat of tar and feathers, and dance 'twixt heaven and earth, with a greased grape-vine about their necks. Mrs C. M. Kirkland is one of the editors; her sex would protect her from such punishment. We would consign her to *silence*, which would be torment enough, no doubt. Let the South be wide awake, and beware how they contribute their money to aid their enemies in secretly undermining their institutions.

From the Lynchburg Patriot.

☞ We re-published several days ago, from the Fredericksburg Recorder, an article cautioning the public against "*Sartain's Union Magazine*," as inculcating doctrines prejudicial to the South. We had not read the tale "Roanoke; or, Where is Utopia?" to which the Recorder objected as broaching a forbidden subject and advocating "principles as foul as the blackest Abolition heart ever bred:" but knowing the vigilance of the Recorder, and its fidelity to the interests of our section—presumed that its strictures were correct. Since that time we have read the comments of several Southern papers upon the Magazine's story, taking an entirely different view of the matter, and acquitting it entirely of the charge alleged against it. In justice to its editors, we make the following extract from one of those papers, the Danville Register:

"It is apparent that the editor has not read the whole story of "Roanoke; or, where is Utopia?" or he would not have committed so many blunders. In the first place "Wild Bill" is *not* the hero of the tale, but is first prominently introduced in the August number. In the second place, Mr. C. H. Wiley, the author, is a native of North Carolina, where he has always resided, and is probably as little of an Abolitionist as his neighbors. In the third place, although "Wild Bill" "is made ingeniously to defend principles" not consistent with our institutions, yet the companion of "Wild Bill," Walter Tucker, "is made still more ingeniously" to refute them. The contraband sentiments referred to, attracted our attention in reading the article, but, unlike the Recorder, we thought the author's object was to put the best argument in the negro's mouth that the refutation of it might appear the more pointed and conclusive."

From the Batesville Eagle.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

While at camp-meeting in Izard county, on Friday the 15th ult. my attention was called to the "*Card*" of Rev. W. J. Markham in the last *Eagle*; in which he denies the charge of having uttered "Abolition sentiments in the vicinity of Batesville." In my communication to the *Nashville C. Advocate*, I say that I *know a respectable gentleman who stands pledged to prove that Mr. Markham has uttered Abolition sentiments* in the vicinity of Batesville, and that Mr. M. and his friends could have the proof, &c. The responsible gentleman to whom I referred is the Rev. JOHN COWLE, who is able to speak for himself.

A. HUNTER.

Messrs. Editors:—

As I am the person referred to in the above, before adducing the proof to sustain the declaration that Mr. Markham "has uttered Abolition sentiments in the vicinity of Batesville," I shall notice the manner in which he endeavors to evade the charge of Abolition, (leaving out of note, his reference to Webster's definition of the term, in its general sense, which we think is too silly to regard, as it can have no bearing upon the case under consideration,) I shall notice briefly, his own definition of the word, which he is pleased to style, "the modern acceptation of the term, (i. e.) "that I am in favor of the immediate abolition of Slavery in the United States, without remuneration to the owners, permitting liberated slaves to remain among us, and elevating them to equal rights and privileges with the white population." Mr. M. says, "That I have uttered sentiments favoring any or all of these measures I do most positively and unequivocally deny the charge." Now, we think that any person possessing a tolerable idea of the meaning of the word, in the common acceptation, who will look at the above definition for one moment, will say there is not a State in the Union, and but few persons in the United States, and those few, merely the exception to general opinion, who hold to Abolitionism, in the sense as explained by Mr. M.—and consequently, we are talking about a thing which does not exist amongst us, if his view is correct. But, it is my opinion, he has missed the definition of the term, in the common acceptation, whether ignorantly or intentionally, is not for me to say, in either case he is equally culpable, and it looks like a mere *ruse*, to evade the charge of having uttered "*Abolition sentiments*," in the common acceptation of the term.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE PROOF:

We, the undersigned, certify to the following: "During the first visit which Mr. Markham made on Poke Bayou, he visited the house of Edward O. Totty, and in conversation with Mrs. Mason Wilson and Mrs. Luciana Totty, Mrs. Totty remarked she wished the negroes were all free and in their own country. Mr. Markham replied, *that he wished so too, and that is what we are after.* Mrs. Wilson remarked, that there were slaves in old times. *Yes*, Mr. Markham replied, *but it was a different kind of Slavery to that amongst us, that they were released every seven years.*"

Aug. 9, 1849.

LUCIANA TOTTY,
MASON WILSON.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above statement was made by the above named ladies, this the 9th day of August, 1849.

R. R. KELLOGG,
EDWARD O. TOTTY.
JAMES TOTTY.

From all the circumstances connected with Mr. Markham's conversation with the above persons, it is reasonable to suppose that he expected that they entertained the same opinions with himself.

JOHN COWLE.

P. S. On Monday morning the 13th ult. Mr. M. L. Thetford, who had seen Mr. Markham's "card" furnished me with the following certificate. Mr. R. is a citizen of Independence county, and a responsible man.

A. H.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify, that some time about the first of January, 1849, I had a conversation with the Rev. Markham, in which I remarked that there was danger of the present agitation in the M. E. Church leading to war. Mr. Markham said "*he thought so too.*" I asked him which side he would take, he said, (as I understood him) "*he would stand by the North.*" I said how can you stand by the *negroes and fight against your own countrymen? He said he felt bound to stand up for the old Church, and would do so against the South!*

M. L. THETFORD.

August 13th, 1849.

From the Daily Crescent.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.—The facts of geography preceded the languages in which they are described, and islands, continents, and seas existed before the various nations which inhabited the earth. Hence the reason why natural causes, more enduring and inaffaceable than moral and social influences, should be chiefly consulted in the formation of States. Therefore, Cuba, though differing from us in laws, in language and in social organization, has been for some time regarded as of right constituting one of the United States; and we accordingly have a very strong desire to see it become part and parcel of our Confederation.

It is clear that this strong and reasonable desire of our fellow-citizens for the acquisition of Cuba has had a tendency to make them believe that Rey was forcibly taken away from our territory. The apparent mystery attending the departure of Rey, owing altogether to the man's wish to conceal his movements from those interested in keeping him here, was eagerly seized on by the speculators in public passions; and the instinct of our people for the possession of Cuba was adroitly used by unscrupulous agitators for the purpose of keeping up the impression that the Spanish authorities had violated American soil. Persons who take their opinions from the editorial articles of newspapers, having either no time or no disposition for an examination of the facts on which opinions should be founded and promulgated, were led astray partly under the influence of false statements, and partly by the ardent desire they had that the allegations against the Spanish Consul might be true.

If, however, people will take time to reflect, they must see that this Rey excitement will have a tendency to retard, and not to hasten Cuban annexation. The believers in the abduction have shown more zeal than knowledge, and led away by shallow thinkers, vauntig themselves patriots, have permitted passion to get so much the better of reason that they were incapable of seeing the injury they were doing the cause they desired to advance. It is not by producing a quarrel between this country and Spain that we are to aid either the efforts of Cuban patriots for Cuban independence, or the efforts of the United States to get possession of the island. More is to be done by compromise and conciliation than by war and bloodshed. Nay, we are confident that if an American force were to invade the island of Cuba, the expedition would be successful only after an immense loss of blood and treasure. And if the Spaniards were, as we feel assured they would, to declare the negroes free as soon as the invasion was made, the island would, after all, be a worthless acquisition purchased at an untold and incalculable price.

As patriots, then, and more especially as Southern men, we ought to aim at the acquisition of Cuba by peaceful and friendly means. If we wish to keep up an eternal agitation of the Slave question between the North and the South, then let us conquer Cuba after the Spaniards shall have emancipated the negroes and declared the island to be, in the cant of the times, "free soil." If we want to have the Cuban patriots, about whom so much has lately been said, butchered in their beds or smothered in the smoke and scorched in the flames of their burning mansions—if we desire to witness new St. Domingo murders and assassinations—then let us land a force on the island and provoke the Spaniards to call to their assistance the savages lately imported from Congo and the Guinea coast.

If it is desirable, then, to acquire Cuba by treaty and not by conquest, let us beware how we irritate the Spanish Government. Like a decaying noble, the Spanish Crown is jealous of insult, and its pride increases with its poverty and imbecility. We will find it as delicate a matter to regulate our intercourse

with Spain as we lately found it with Mexico. Nay, the difficulty will be increased; for Spain has been great, and she cannot forget that she once looked down on the nation that possessed the United States as colonies. How then would the Spanish Government be affected, if it were aware of the language which has been used towards it in the last few weeks? Knowing the disposition of Spanish officials, how silly and ridiculous, not to say uncourteous and undiplomatic was it for the American Consul at Havana, to send the Captain General of Cuba the printed and published libels issued in this city against himself as Governor, and against the Sovereign from whom he holds his power? We venture to say that so gross a violation of propriety and good sense was never before committed by any foreign agent of our Government. It furnishes, of itself, a good cause for the removal of Gen. Campbell from the office, of whose duties and responsibilities he seems ignorant and regardless.

As to the men who were chiefly instrumental in getting up the Rey excitement, they thought merely of how it might affect themselves, incapable as they are of perceiving, or even of desiring to perceive, the influence it might have on our relations with Spain, and ultimately on the acquisition of the Island of Cuba. We are sorry that our citizens were carried away, for a time, by statements which, if they had attempted to analize, they would have found to be preposterous. But the tide of opinion is turning; and the deceivers of the people may be thankful if they do not suffer from the rebound of popular feeling which must inevitably occur.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1849.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will commence its sessions at Norristown on Monday the 15th of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M. In making this announcement, the Executive Committee take it for granted that no special urging will be required on their part to induce a large attendance on this occasion, of the members and friends of the Society. Our annual gatherings have ever been seasons of the deepest and most delightful interest, and there is no reason to apprehend that the approaching one will be marked by the slightest diminution in this respect; on the contrary, the more advanced position of the Anti Slavery enterprise, and the relations which it now sustains, will suggest themes of new interest for discussion, and impart fresh zest to our deliberations. Our movement never stood in a more commanding attitude before the public, nor were we as an organization ever in a better condition to labour effectually for its advancement. Entirely united among ourselves, we are at the same time the undisputed occupants of the Anti-Slavery field. Never had we finer opportunities of usefulness. How we can best avail ourselves of these opportunities and meet the corresponding responsibilities which they impose, will be questions for discussion at the approaching meeting. Let there be a full attendance; and let us come together in such a spirit of earnestness and self-devotion as will secure for ourselves a fresh baptism in the cause, and give a new impetus to our work, which shall hasten the day of its consummation.

On behalf of the Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman,

HARWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

Russia and Hungary at Home.

The tide of American sympathy for the brave Hungarians seems to be boiling almost to its flood. Patriotic orators hasten to pour forth their words like water, and sweating crowds in Park and Square are swift "to utter a deal of stinking breath" in behalf of struggling Liberty on the eastern frontier of Christendom. The General Government is urged to baptize Hungary into the family of independent nationalities, even though its sponsorship should make it a party to a baptism of fire and blood. All parties and every section of the country fraternize in this holy cause and vie with each other in the loudness and zeal of their denunciations of Austrian tyranny and of Russian intervention. Even the most ponderous of the Whig Journals refuse to throw their leaden weight into the scale of the Established Order of European Affairs, and the most truculent Democratic Presses have not a word to say in behalf of the Domestic Institutions of the Houses of Hapsburg or of Romanoff. Nay, they have not so much as a grave rebuke or a piercing gibe for the fanatics who thus meddle with what is none of their business and interfere without warrant with the Peculiar Institutions of their allies. Nor is there even power enough in Russia Duck to excite a mob in its behalf, nor sufficient virtue in Russian Hemp to twine itself into a collar for an incendiary editor.

The position of the Hungarians is indeed one to enlist the warm sympathies of every generous mind. A proud nation stripped in a moment of privileges extorted centuries ago, and confirmed by successive generations of kings and kaisars, by a stripling emperor who, though in the line of succession, is constitutionally an usurper, rising in arms to vindicate its rights against a first class Power, is a spectacle which we have all been brought up to admire, and which has elements of the truly admirable in it. And when a yet mightier empire pours downs its hordes in a crusade for the re-establishment of absolutism into the Hungarian territory and the inhabitants keep both enemies at bay, notwithstanding the tremendous odds against them, a deeper indignation and a livelier sympathy must needs be excited by the spectacle. For it is a conflict between Right and Wrong, the summons of the great Occasion in which we can wish well but to one side. And the energies of mind and matter, the apparition of great men in obedience to the strong summons of the great Occasion and the creation of physical resources out of nothing, which it has called into being, are things which find answering sentiments in all hearts that feel and all heads that think. There is a magic in the unconquerable will and the resolute devotion of life and life's worth to a public end which must meet a response even in those breasts which perceive the most clearly the barbarism and insufficiency of the manifestation they have taken upon themselves. Whatever may be thought of the shape which the spirit of resistance to tyranny may assume at any particular time or point of the world's history, the evidence of its existence must be accepted as a sure prophecy of a higher coming civilization not yet evolved from the bosom of the Ages.

We do not complain, therefore, of the interest which any sincere lover of liberty feels in the Hungarian contest, nor of any expression of it which is a relief to any honest heart. On the contrary we welcome both wherever we can imagine them to be sincere. But we do hold to the reasonableness of trying the sincerity of all such professions by applying to them the touch-stone of the conduct of the professors. Dr. Johnson was not far out of the way when he contemptuously asked in his Taxation No Tyranny, "how is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?" He applied this test to our Revolutionary Fathers, and showed them to be wanting in the truest sense of human rights, of the truth of which our whole history for sixty years, and especially our current history, is thick with proof. A sympathizer with the oppressed at least ought not to be a tyrant, himself. It is the commonest sense to demand that he who overflows with indignation at foreign interference to crush Rights struggling for existence with overshadowing despotism, should not be doing the very same thing in his own person. And yet this country presents a spectacle of Human Rights trodden into annihilation at one end of it, and of a perpetual armed intervention to put down the oppressed for the benefit of the oppressor, at the other, of which the struggle going on between the oligarchy of Hungary and the Empire of Austria, and the armed interference of the Autocracy of Russia does not approach near enough to be a parallel. It is unfair to Francis Joseph and Nicholas to put them into the same category with ourselves.

In one part of our country is a perpetual war raging between two races of men. One has the upper hand by virtue of an absolute majority of numbers and the monopoly of all the education, wealth and military resources. The dominant party exercises a daily and hourly tyranny over their vanquished vassals greater in degree and worse in kind, not only than that which Austria has ever pretended to exert over the Hungarian nobles, but greater than those nobles themselves ever dreamed of exercising over their own serfs. They have not even the poor privilege of being chained to the soil, and thus knowing at least the full extent of their misery. However miserable their estate at present may be, they have not the satisfaction of knowing that it is the worst that they can suffer. The pure despotism which broods over them possesses the power, never permitted to fall into disuse, of breaking the ties by which Nature strove to make their lot endurable, and condemning them, for no crime, to a life-long exile from all the scenes and hearts they love, to inhospitable climes cursed with yet intenser cruelty and wrong. A nation of petty despots, a race proverbially the most cruel of any, and reigning by brute force and intellectual power, by literal chains and scourges, and by a compelled ignorance over a nation of abject slaves, the victims of one eternal Reign of Terror! And these men have the impudence to exult in the successful resistance of the Hungarians to Austrian and Russian aggression! And this is by no means the most disgusting spectacle which our country affords in this regard.

For while this war is waged every day in our Southern country, it is only by the permission of the allies of the tyrants at the North. It is by the Intervention of the Non-Slaveholders that the scale of tyranny is made to weigh down that of liberty. While we write, since the preceding paragraphs were penned, the news has arrived of the fall of Hungary, and that peace, such as Czars and Slave-masters delight in, reigns in its borders. There is no occasion to modify anything that we have written. The moral and the illustration are strengthened rather than weakened by these disastrous tidings. The state of things which Nicholas has brought about for the Hungarians by the brute force of his Empire, we have maintained for sixty years by ours for the sable nation beyond our Southern frontier. If we have not poured in our armies to suppress their insurrection it was because we have made one hopeless by our near presence, always ready, an unnumbered multitude, to crush it under the tread of our feet. We have been doing the work of the standing armies of Continental Europe since the fall of Napoleon, keeping down the manifestation of the Spirit of Liberty among oppressed millions by the continual threat and presence of our physical predominance. And all the time we have been catching their victims, who have sought safety in flight, and restoring them to their lords, making our soil equally a hostile one for them with that they had fled from, and all for some selfish advantages, of which after all we have been cheated! Precious indeed is our sympathy with the struggling nations and instructive our example!

The analogy between our attitude towards the Slaveholders and the Slaves and that of Russia towards Austria and Hungary is perfect, or the difference, if any, is not in our favor. It is through our Holy Alliance, offensive and defensive, that the masters possess their souls in peace and their chattels in safety. It is only by the breach of that Alliance that any ray of hope can penetrate to the dungeon over which we keep guard. Slavery can only be abolished in two ways. By the concession of the master, grounded upon his perception of its necessity or its expediency, or both; or by the good right hand of the Slaves themselves appealing to Arms and the God of Battles. Both these methods are rendered virtually impossible by the Union of these States, as now existing. As to the first, how can it ever be necessary for the master to manumit his Slaves so long as he has four or five millions of allies, expressly to enable him to defy it? Or how can it ever be expedient, speaking after the manner of men, when we have so arranged the terms of our partnership that his possession of a potential voice and overbearing influence in our own affairs depends on his holding Slaves as a condition precedent? And as to the last, what resolution even from despair could an intelligent Slave cherish under the shadow of half a continent ready to fall upon his head if he but move in his chains? Desperate submission or partial revenge is all the resource that is left him. The three conditions of our National Union, the *bonus* allowed the slaveholder to induce him to continue one, in the three fifths clause, the pledge of the physical force of the nation against domestic insurrection, and the right of recapture, are the ties which bind the slave to his despair. The Gordian knots are so inextricably fastened about us as well as him that we are at the mercy of the master as well as he, until we can pluck up the courage to cut them through.—Then we may with some face sympathize with the "desolate and oppressed" everywhere, and hear of their struggles without feeling ashamed of ourselves.—E. Q.

We are indebted to our attentive friend and correspondent, Mr. Webb of Dublin, for a copy of the speech of W. W. Brown, to which he refers in his letter, and which was reported for the (Dublin) Freeman's Journal. It will be read with interest by Mr. Brown's many friends in this country, who will be anxious to know how he acquitted himself at his first appearance on the other side of the water.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

LECTURE BY MR. WILLIAM BROWN, A SELF-EMANCIPATED SLAVE.

The announcement of the proposed appearance of this interesting representative of a bitterly oppressed and sorely victimized class of human beings, and the advertisement of a lecture by him on the horrors and atrocities of the slave system practised and legalized in the Slave states of America, created no small amount of interest amongst many of our most respectable citizens, and long before the hour at which it was intimated the lecture would commence on last evening, the spacious concert room where the meeting was held, was thronged to the very doors with an assemblage comprising a vast number of intelligent and highly respectable persons. Amongst these might have been recognized several groups of the Society of Friends, together with many of our citizens, distinguished for philanthropy and practical benevolence. Every seat was filled at an early hour, and as the time approached for the commencement of the lecture scarcely standing room could be had. There could not have been less than six hundred persons assembled. At eight o'clock the chair was taken by

JAMES HAUGHTON, Esq.

On the platform were seated the brothers Webb, of the Society of Friends, and several other gentlemen well known for their exertions on behalf of the abolition of human Slavery.

The Chairman in opening the proceedings, in the first place, introduced to the meeting Mr. Brown once the goaded and beaten slave of a hard taskmaster, now the graceful and energetic lecturer on the humiliations, sufferings and injuries of his race to the enlightened audiences of Europe. Mr. Brown on being presented to the meeting was received with warm bursts of the most cordial cheering, which he very gracefully and unaffectedly acknowledged. Such portions of the history of Mr Brown as had reached the public through the medium of a history of his eventful life and adventures, printed and extensively circulated in London and other parts of England, and partially in this country, created rather an intense interest in his behalf, and not less towards the suffering class of which he so lately formed an item. The details of his life of Slavery, the harrowing relation of his sufferings, bodily in his own person in the extreme of hardship, under the burning lash of a villain overseer, and mental in beholding that same hardship, and that same clotted whip raising in bloody weals the flesh of helpless woman, and that woman his mother, his daring plan of escape from Slavery, and his determined and successful execution of it—hunted by bloodhounds, brute, and human, starved and exhausted, sleepless, and shelterless, for days and nights, or lying in the woods and open prairies, in cold, and hunger, and nakedness, achieving at last in his own person the triumph of perseverance in the cause of freedom, at last effecting his escape to a free State, and shaking off for ever the fetters of servitude. There was much of romance about the man and his story, and no small interest was excited in his appearance. Mr. Brown is a man of color, his mother being kidnapped and made a slave on the lands of a rich slaveholder, who followed the various callings of doctor, miller, merchant and farmer, in Lexington, Kentucky. His father was a white man, and well connected. Mr. Brown's *personel* is prepossessing; he possesses little of the Nubian or negro cast of head and features; his forehead is good and well developed in the frontal formation, and his figure erect and graceful. His language is strictly grammatical, and his style correct and energetic. Apart from some few Americans idioms, which in America would perhaps be deemed graces, his eloquence is that of a well-taught and unaffected speaker. He certainly seemed to possess the rare faculty of keeping alive to the last word he uttered the undivided attention of his auditory.

The Chairman opened the proceedings with a few brief prefatory remarks. He said he was there for the purpose of introducing to the meeting a man who for twenty years had been subject to the stripes on the body and the mental manacles imposed on the soul of man by the curse of Slavery. Who could hear the abominable combination of ideas combined in the words human Slavery that would not feel within him the necessity of making every effort to abolish a system so atrocious, so abhorrent to human reason, so abominable in the sight of the God of all Christians (hear, hear)? But would it be believed that men were found who attempted to justify the system of human Slavery by arguments deduced from the sacred writings; but he (the chairman) would ask, what connection could exist between the divine teachings of the Savior, and the atrocious system which severed husband from wife, mother from child, and subjected fellow-beings to treatment more cruel than was given to the beasts of the field, and made (as it was nothing less) wretched man the arbiter of the life of his fellow-worm, to buy and to sell and dispose to the highest bidder of the persons of his fellow-creatures, who were in a thousand instances found gifted with souls and minds, with energy and genius far superior to those of the grovelling and sensual brutes who impiously dared to arrogate to themselves a right of ownership and traffic in human beings, far elevated above them in all that constitutes the moral standard of manhood and excellence (cheers). He would beg to introduce to them Mr. Brown, (here Mr. Brown rose and stepped forward, and was received with loud and cordial cheers), and he would leave it to the meeting to decide (when they would have heard him) whether he was one upon whom the brand of chattel ownership could be placed by an impious slaveholder (cheers).

Mr. Webb then came forward and read some passages from the *Anti-Slavery Gazette*, (?) in the highest degree complimentary to Mr. Brown's talent and sterling worth. These extracts were received with loud cheers by the meeting.

Mr. Brown, the emancipated slave, then came forward in front of the platform and was received with repeated rounds of the warmest and most cheering plaudits. He bowed in graceful and evidently heartfelt acknowledgment, and said, that in general persons appearing before an enlightened public audience, such as he had the honor to address, were enabled to sustain their part, and felt less the hesitation consequent on so prominent a position by the knowledge in themselves that they perhaps possessed something in the shape of acquirement or capacity to recommend them (hear, hear). The best accessory towards that certainly was a liberal education, but that blessing he unfortunately had not been born to enjoy. The little he possessed in the shape of acquirement was the result of unaided and laborious exertion (cheers). It could not be otherwise, for twenty of his best and youngest years had been spent, not under the gentle guidance of a preceptor, but under the bitter lash of the taskmaster in hopeless and helpless Slavery (cheers). He now but came before that enlightened meeting to lay within their view a simple statement of the miseries and suffering entailed on one unhappy section of their fellow-creatures, who were made the subjects of the tyranny and caprice of men calling themselves Christians and boasting of freedom, and when he had done, if he only succeeded in impressing all who heard him with even a faint notion of the unchristian barbarity of the slave system of the American States, he would feel that he had done much, feeling convinced that no truly Christian assembly, once convinced of even a part of the horrors of that system, would hesitate for a moment to exert every faculty for the purpose of denouncing, and if possible, overturning such a vile outrage against God's law and human reason, and feeling. He knew that he addressed many who still held in revered remembrance a man now departed, whose life was one continued and noble struggle for the religious and civil liberty of his native land—Daniel O'Connell (loud and repeated cheers). Mayhap there were many now present who would recollect that when the Liberator of the Irish people was in the zenith of his well-earned popularity, his friendship was sought by the representatives of every power at the court of St. James. Stephenson, the American, was anxious to know and to have to boast of the friendship of O'Connell, and that friendship—the friendship of the illustrious Irishman,—would have been gladly given to him who sought it, but the rumor was abroad that Stephenson was a slaveholder, a buyer and seller of human flesh, and the free soul of O'Connell spurned the proffered hand of the slaveholder (cheers.) That hand was outstretched to O'Connell, but before he could think of taking it, he asked, "Are you, or are you not a slaveholder?" The answer was, "I am." "Then," said the hater of Slavery, "I will not press the hand of a trafficker in the flesh and blood of my fellow-men" (cheers.) The American sent a hostile challenge to O'Connell, but he whose courage had been painfully tried before, could well refuse, and without reproach, to meet even as an enemy, the man who had robbed so many of God's children of their liberty (cheers.) In the slave States, at present, it is well known that frequent instances occurred of death itself being preferred to the continuance of Slavery (cries of hear, hear.) In the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Missouri (properly called the slavebolding States,) slaves were brought up, reared, and then brought to market for transmission elsewhere. From Virginia alone forty thousand slaves were sold or transmitted in one year to supply the southern market (hear, hear.) In one instance where two amiable slavedealers met, and one, the buyer, asked the other if he had anything fit for market in the slave way, for if so, he would deal, the other replied by an invitation to look at his stock. The slaves were inspected, and amongst the hapless lot of human cattle there were a young man, his wife, and a young child. The buyer wanted the man and woman, both being young and able for work, but he did not require the child. A bargain was struck—the father and mother were torn away from the child, and carried off (sensation); the father and mother however, refused to eat one morsel, both determining rather to perish of starvation than to be separated from their child. The buyer knowing the obstinate and determined will of the slaves when driven to such a point, and not wishing to lose two such fine victims, wrote for the child and had it restored to the mother, saying he never intended to separate them. The father and mother were comforted, and began to take food. This was while the slaves the owner purchased were lying in the gaol, which was used as a depot until the boat was ready to convey them to the plantation where they were to work. When the boat was ready to sail the child (which had only been borrowed at a per centage) was dragged from the shrieking mother. She then promised to take all quietly if the child was left with her and her husband another day. This was granted, and then the bereaved mother and wretched father designed the fearful tragedy which was afterwards put into execution. With her own hands she stabbed the infant to the heart, and then handed the knife to her husband, who at once plunged the blade into the bosom of the woman, who bared her breast for the blow, and finished by sheathing the yet warm and dripping weapon in his own body (sensation.) These were solemn and melancholy facts. Who would say that this terrible act was the result of want of refined feeling? The deed showed that even the prostrate and trampled slaves of America were found capable of a sacrifice as heroic as that which has made immortal the names of Virginia and her father, preferring death to the infamous servitude of Appius, the Roman slaveholder [cheers.] Mr. Brown then adverted, in a strain of bitter and caustic irony, to an amusing scene which took place in Washington, on the news being received of the French revolution and the dethronement of Louis Philippe. The citizen slaveholders held meetings crying up liberty; but whilst they were doing so seven hundred slaves took up the liberty notion too, and levanted [laughter.] The news reached the meeting, and the liberty spouters forgot all they had been preaching, and all ran to catch [if they could] the runaway slaves [laughter.] Mr. Brown here detailed a most interesting narrative of the escape of a man and woman who were married and slaves. The woman was as fair as any European, and it was contrived that she should dress in man's clothes, and that her husband should accompany her through the slave States as a slave till they reached a place of safety. He also related the escape a woman with her nine children, and their taking refuge in the house of a noble-minded Abolitionist, Thomas Garrett [cheers.] He sheltered them and fed them in the face of the ruinous fine which the State law imposed on all who fed or sheltered runaway slaves, and gave them letters which secured their passage to a free State. This man was sued by the owner of the slaves, and fined in five thousand four hundred dollars, besides costs of prosecution, to defray which his substance was sold, and himself all but beggared (hear, hear). The slaveholder affected pity at the misfortune of this good man, and volunteered to give him advice never to interfere again or give succor to a runaway slave. The sheriff broke in with an assurance that he was confident it would be a warning to Mr. Garrett not to interfere so again. The answer of the hater of Slavery was worthy of record—"Friend (said he), if thou seest a runaway slave wanting shelter, or food, or means to escape, if thou hast not charity thyself send him to me and he shall want no aid that I can yet give him" (loud cheers). Mr. Brown then proceeded to detail some of the miseries he suffered in Slavery. His statement of the manner in which he acquired his education certainly deserves to be enrolled in a chapter in the history of the heroes distinguished for their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. When a slave he had an ardent thirst for learning. He contrived before his escape to purchase an old spelling-book, and the relation of the manner in which he got his master's sons to teach him the rudiments at night by the light of a purchased candle, and through the bribe to his young teachers of piece of sugar-stick for each hour's tuition, was not the least interesting portion of his address. He also adverted to the growing tolerance of the colored race, now fast increasing in the State of Massachusetts and all the New England States, and related several highly amusing anecdotes of Yankee intolerance, with regard to men of color, even in the public travelling conveyance. His quiet dry humor, yet painful conveyance of deep-seated feeling on this head, was exquisitely conveyed in a well-told anecdote, where he himself was obliged to leave a railway carriage and travel astride of a flour cask with the freight from Sandusky to Republic, Ohio. Being asked by the railway conductor for his full fare as a passenger he insisted on merely paying for himself by weight as part of the freight amongst which he was made to travel. After having placed the subject of American Slavery in its fullest light before the audience Mr. Brown concluded with a forcible appeal to the Christian sympathies of Irishmen to use every effort, and to add the weight of their influence to the endeavors which were becoming every day more successful in putting an end forever to the vile system of human Slavery which, until abolished, would remain a deadly blot on the character of the American nation. Mr. Brown then sat down amid loud cheering.

Mr. Webb then briefly addressed the meeting. He expressed his satisfaction at its crowded appearance, and adverted to the highly interesting work written by Mr. Brown on the subject of American Slavery and intimated that copies of it could be had on application. [Several applications were made for the work, and a large number of copies were disposed of on the spot.]

Mr. Webb then proposed the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That in heartily bidding welcome to W. W. Brown, on his arrival in Ireland, and assuring him of our sympathy with him and the noble Cause he represents, we declare it to be our conviction, that those who labor for the overthrow of American Slavery are the truest friends to the United States, and to the prosperity of her institutions.

Resolved, That one of the most efficient means in our power for seconding the efforts of the American Abolitionists would be for the friends of the Cause to signify plainly to all Americans who may land on our shores, that we abhor the slave system and consider those who maintain it as the worst of criminals, the enemies of human liberty, and unworthy to associate with honest men.

This resolution was put and carried by acclamation, after which, thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

Mr. Clay's Body-Servants.

Mr. Clay is not only himself the embodiment of Whig principles, but he carries with him always in his Northern tours, in his body-servant, an embodiment of the 'sleekness and fatness' of the Peculiar Institution,—more embodiments, we will venture to say, than were ever before found in one family. It is remarkable of these Northern tours that they have always had two apparent objects, one to bring the popularity of the master to the presidential point, and the other to get the man *not* to be pursuaded by the Abolitionists to accept his freedom; but this latter purpose has as yet been the only successful one. If Mr. Clay returns always to Ashland doubtful of the enthusiasm of the Northern people for himself, he at least has the consoling reflection that his progress has not been altogether without service to his country, as it has convinced the people of the North how blessed a thing is Slavery, how enviable a condition it is to be a body-servant, and how impossible it is to seduce one of them to quit the privilege of serving him for nothing; from which particular facts there are several general inevitable conclusions, and especially that wages are a humbug, and Abolitionists fools for doubting it.

These facts, however, have been shown to be proved so often, that people are beginning to shake their heads and doubt if they have ever been proved at all. It is not an uncommon thing for Southerners to come North with their slaves, and we have never yet known an instance of the Abolitionists running away with them against their will, though it is no uncommon thing for them to run away with the Abolitionists, very much against the will of their masters. The slaves meet with friends enough of their own color at the hotels who are careful to tell them that they need not remain in servitude unless they choose, and those who are disposed to avail themselves of the knowledge need not wait for evidence of who are Abolitionists to find assistance in flight. And we venture to say that this is the amount of all the "enticement" to which Mr. Clay's slaves have ever been exposed. His man Charles, and his man Levi, if they have ever been invited to exchange the situation of a Kentucky slave for that of a Northern freeman, have probably been invited only in this way, though the servants, themselves, or their master, or their master's friends have seized the opportunity of proving by a case that must necessarily be notorious how much better a man is in the former condition than in the latter.

We mentioned last week the supposed flight of Mr. Clay's Levi. He has, it seems, returned to his master, with the usual story of repentance for his rash step,—and that he was induced to take it by the promise of reward from the Abolitionists. The story was very well the first time it was told of Charles, and was even swallowed when told a second; but it is "running the thing into the ground," as the saying is, to suppose that Mr. Clay can never have a slave that will run away, and that the Abolitionists will never tire of so useless an expenditure of means and time. The thing has been repeated so often, that it has come to be looked upon as a part of the performances whenever Mr. Clay makes a tour of the Northern States. If Charles and Levi, and ever so many more, however, of Mr. Clay's slaves will stay with him in spite of all that can be said to them,—supposing always that anything is said, and that he is not careful to which of them it shall be said, and how it shall be listened to—it is not, perhaps, so much to be wondered at. We cannot expect to be successful always. If we have not endeavored to persuade Charles and Levi, that they had better be freemen, we have Horace and Thurlow, and a good many others of Mr. Clay's slaves, and not one of them as yet can we induce to run away. He always finds body-servants enough about him when he comes to the North, to assure him that whatever may happen he will never be reduced to the dreadful alternative, he once spoke of in the Senate, of cleaning his own boots.

The Cuba Hunt.

The past week has revealed some progress in the plot, and perhaps terminated it for the present. A steamer in this harbor has been seized well provided with arms, whose destination was no doubt Cuba. On Thursday of last week the U. S. District Attorney, Mr. Prescott Hall, received a Telegraphic despatch from Mr. Secretary Clayton, directing him to stop the propellers Sea Gull and Florida, and the Steamer New Orleans, of New Orleans, about to leave this port on a supposed secret and hostile expedition against some power at peace with the United States--probably Cuba.

Application was made by the District Attorney to Commodore McKeever, of the Navy Yard, for a sufficient force, and forty sailors and ten marines were detailed to the assistance of the U. S. Marshall, under the command of Lieut. Swartout. The force boarded, and took possession of the Sea Gull, then lying at the lower quarantine station, and ready for sea. No resistance was made, and few persons were found on board of her, but her cargo was discovered to consist of 130 boxes with 100 stands of muskets, powder, and provisions. The New Orleans and Florida were also taken possession of by a guard of marines at Corlaer's Hook. The former was fitted up as a transport ship.

On an examination of several of the officers found on board these vessels, they stated that they *supposed* the expedition was destined for Cuba, and that they were willing to abandon it. General Taylor, who passed through this city the morning after the seizure of the vessels, declared that the expedition must be broken up, but that he had no desire that those who were found to be thus far engaged in it should be proceeded against as criminals. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, it is said, were in the hands of those persons entrusted with the management of the expedition in this city.

The *Philadelphia Ledger*, of the 7th instant, makes the following statement which sheds some new light upon the transactions related above:

—The government appears to be watching the persons assembling for some secret expedition, though it appears to be as much at fault to know the true designation as those who have been engaged in the service of the expedition. From the mystery which is observed, and the givings out that it is Cuba and Curacoa that the expedition is designed for, it seems quite probable that neither is the true designation of the enterprise, but that it is as likely to be a piratical expedition as any other. One of the "returned volunteers," taken from this city, has given us the following history of the events connected with the expedition, as far as he knows the persons engaged in it keeping remarkably close guard over their tongues. The person we allude to is a young man, residing in this city, who, with six others, was recruited last week for the expedition, being promised $1,000 at the end of the affair, and plenty of plunder while engaged in it. He was told, notwithstanding the inference from the last mentioned fact, that it was a perfectly honorable project, and that its purpose should be disclosed before he left the country. He went to New York on Friday last, with the other recruits, and was furnished quarters at the American Hotel, where there were about one hundred Spaniards. On Monday night they were quietly taken on board the Steamer Wilson G. Hunt, with a view of being placed on board the propeller schooner Sea Gull, which then started for her destination. They were under the command of an Englishman, named Meguire. After going forty miles to sea, and finding nothing of the propeller, the captain of the steamer refused to go further, and put back. The Sea Gull was found lying at Quarantine and the men put on board. The vessel had boxes of muskets on board and soldiers' clothes, and our informant assisted to hand boxes of pistols and swords from the Wilson G. Hunt. The revenue cutter visited the vessel, but could discover nothing. The recruits became dissatisfied with the mystery maintained, and having misgivings of the object of the expedition, demanded to be put ashore. This demand was refused till they declared that they would hail the revenue cutter and apprise the officers of the character of the proceedings. This had the effect, the men were set ashore and their passages paid to Philadelphia. This is all our informant knows of the matter, but he has no doubt that some marauding expedition is intended.

Measures have also been taken at New Orleans to put an end to the expedition. The *Delta* of the 30th ulto. gives the following correspondence relating to a force encamped on Round Island, evidently with a sinister design:

TO THE PERSONS ENCAMPED ON ROUND ISLAND NEAR PASCAGOULA.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—The proclamation of the President of the United States, and other instructions which I have received from the Government at Washington make it imperative and proper that I should immediately take measures to break up your unlawful proceedings, and send you back to your homes; and when I have said a few words to you in proof of your assemblage being unlawful, and of the utter impossibility of your evading the vigilance of our squadron, and getting out of our waters to proceed upon your contemplated wild expedition, to make war against nations at peace with our own, I feel sure you will at once disperse and seek honest and peaceful occupations.

1st. The very mystery which masks the movements and actions of your officers, and the blind ignorance of the men as to the destination of the enterprise clearly shew that the objects and purposes of those at the head of your affairs are known to be unlawful, and that plunder is the inducement held out to all who embark in this reckless enterprise

2d. We have proof that some of you have acknowledged that your destination was Cuba—and that others of your number have said that the expedition was fitting out for the invasion of the Sierra Madre, State of Mexico, showing conclusively that your enterprise is one of a military character.

And lastly. You are vagrants in the eyes of the law, and in fact—and therefore cannot be allowed to occupy your present position, and must immediately disperse.

I will now prove to you that we have the means of not only preventing your embarkation to foreign parts, but that we can enforce you to abandon your present head-quarters.

I shall employ all the vessels now in this vicinity, or which may hereafter arrive, in such manner as will most effectually bring about the end desired.

1st. I shall certainly prevent the steamers Fanny, Maria Burt, or any other steamer or steamers, vessel or vessels, of whatever description, from furnishing the adventurers on Round Island with arms, or other munitions of war.

2d. If said steamers or vessels have arms or other munitions of war on board, I shall take possession of said arms, &c. and detain said steamers or vessels until the men congregated on Round Island are dispersed.

3d. I shall prevent the band of men on Round Island from embarking on board of said steamers or vessels, or from holding any communication with them at all.

4th. I will make said steamers or vessels anchor within range of our guns.

5th. After to-day, (28th of August) in accordance with a notice before given them, I shall cut off all supplies of provisions which may be intended for the persons on Round Island, and shall rigidly enforce the blockade or embargo until they abandon the spot and go home.

6th. I shall gladly give the persons on Round Island every facility to get away, taking particular care, however, that they do not embark in sea-going vessels.

V. M. RANDOLPH. Commander U. S. ship Albany,
Senior officer afloat in the Gulf of Mexico.

U. S. ship Albany, off Pensacola, Aug 28, 1849.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE EXPEDITION AT RENDEZVOUS AT ROUND ISLAND.

U. S steamer WATER WITCH, off Round Island, August 27, 1849.

I am directed by the officer in command of the naval force anchored in this neighborhood to call your attention to the proclamation of the President of the Republic, made with regard to the expedition for which you are assembled, and I warn you to disperse at once, or abide the certain infliction of the penalty of the law.

In case you do not disperse by Tuesday (to-morrow) night, I am ordered to cut off your supplies of provisions, for which purpose ample means have been supplied.

You will find it impossible to depart on the expedition—Your steamers will be captured or sunk in the attempt, if they are permitted to leave New Orleans, which is very doubtful.

All outlets to the Gulf are watched, and a force is rapidly collecting round you that you cannot dodge.

You are therefore advised, as well as warned, to disperse at once with the solemn assurance that however unpleasant it may be to be called upon to act against our own countrymen, our sense of duty is so strong that all feeling will unhesitatingly be laid aside, and that nothing shall deter us from carrying out the orders given in the strictest manner.

I am respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. M. TOTTEN, Lt. Comd'g.

TO LIEUTENANT TOTTEN, COMMANDING STEAMER WATER WITCH:—

ROUND ISLAND, Aug. 27, 1849.

SIR:—Your communication of this morning was duly received. In answer, we have entirely to disclaim any intention such as is embodied in the proclamation of the President of this Republic, to which you have called our attention. We are a body of men unenlisted, unarmed, and unwilling to do aught that would in any manner compromise our citizenship or liberty,

Circumstances may prevent our departure from this island as early as you suggest, as means must be provided which are not immediately at hand. Till such provision is made, there will be no attempt to transport to us further supplies.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN HASKINS, President.

W. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

Such is the aspect of the affair at this moment. In the meantime some rather vague intelligence has been received at New Orleans of disturbances in Cuba, and of the troops having been called out to quell them in several towns. Should this news prove true or of any importance, it will be difficult to prevent aid going to the revolutionists from this country.

The Hunkers and Barnburners.

The Hunkers of this State have held, within the past week, another Convention for the purpose of nominating a State ticket. Like the last, it was presided over by that eminent Tammany Hall orator, Mr. Cutting, who, in reply to the accusation of the *Albany Atlas*, denies that he is a slaveholder and a slave-breeder, but is careful not to say whether his wife is or not. The Convention by a vote of 47 to 34 passed the following Resolutions, all the delegation from this city excepting two voting against them:

Resolved, That a conciliatory course should be pursued by this Convention, and one which, if properly met by the Convention to assemble at Utica, on the 12th inst. would be instrumental in uniting the masses in this State, putting an end to Whig misrule, and of electing an entire Democratic ticket this fall. And, with a view to accomplish this result, be it farther

Resolved, That the Democratic State Convention be directed to withdraw any of the nominees presented by this Convention, excepting those of the Comptroller, Attorney General, Canal Commissioner and State Prison Inspector, provided that the Utica Convention ratify those names, and complete the ticket by nominating well known and acknowledged Democrats as candidates for the Judge of the Court of Appeals, Secretary of State, Treasurer and State Engineer, and shall impose no test upon the said candidates inconsistent with the resolutions adopted by the Democratic Convention lately held in the Presbyterian Church at Rome.

The following are the names of their Candidates:

BIRAM DENIO, of Oneida, Judge of the Court of Appeals.
JOHN A. LOTT, of Kings County, Comptroller.
JESSE C DAY, of Jefferson, Secretary of State.
LEVI S. CHATFIELD, of Otsego, Attorney General.
DARIUS A. OGDEN, of Yates, Treasurer.
FREDERICK FOLLETT, of Genesee, Canal Commissioner.
DARIUS CLARK, of St. Lawrence, for States Prison inspector.
JOHN D. FAY, of Monroe, for Surveyor and Engineer.

"We can conceive," says the *Evening Post*, "of no degree of harmony or unity of principle in the Democratic party, which could give success to such a ticket as this. Nor do we see how a more insupportable selection of candidates could have been made from the Hunker ranks." This is, it seems to us, as plain as can be. "Dorkis is willing," it is evident, but Mrs. Peggotty isn't desolate enough to bring her mind to it yet.

Rev. Calvin Fairbank.

Mr. Fairbank, who has been for several years confined in the Kentucky Penitentiary for assisting in the escape from Slavery of Lewis Hayden and his wife has at length been pardoned, and is now on his way home to his former residence in this State. In another column we publish a letter from him written at Cincinnati, in which he avows his continued interest in the Anti-Slavery Cause, but confesses his repentance for the particular act for which he suffered punishment. For this we do not see that he gives any better reason than that others, he thinks, were faithless to principles which both he and they once thought true. If he has no higher incentive to duty than the opinions of his fellow-men, he was doubly unfortunate in becoming the victim of the vengeance of the Slave-power.

That he has not been forgotten, at least, by the man in whose behalf he suffered, we have the following certificate from Messrs. Jackson and Loring, and this evidence of the gratitude of Lewis Hayden, now a respectable and industrious tradesman in Boston, may serve to soften somewhat the bitterness of feeling which Mr Fairbank seems to entertain—we hope without cause—towards some of his former friends

REV CALVIN FAIRBANK.—The undersigned, having acted in the receipt and disbursement of the sums of money contributed for the ransom of Mr Fairbank from the State Prison in Kentucky, take the present method of reporting their proceedings to the subscribers

Mr Fairbank was convicted in Kentucky about five years since, of having aided in the escape of Mr. Lewis Hayden, now of Boston, then a slave in Lexington, and was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment, in the Penitentiary at Frankfort.

Early in the present year, it was ascertained, that a pardon could probably be obtained, if the parties who had formerly held Mr. Hayden as a slave, would join in a petition to that effect. This they were willing to do, on being paid an indemnity of six hundred and fifty dollars Mr. Hayden resolved to raise this amount. He began to solicit donations in April last, and within sixty days after, obtained the whole, from about one hundred and sixty individuals, nearly all in Massachusetts.

The money, as raised, was deposited with us, and has been remitted to Kentucky, and the efforts in behalf of Mr. Fairbank have resulted in his liberation on the 23d of August last.

We think it but just to bear testimony to the tact and energy displayed in this business by Mr. Hayden, as well as to his constant sympathy and deep sense of honor and gratitude towards his benefactor

FRANCIS JACKSON,
ELLIS GRAY LORING.

Daniel Carmichel.

In Philadelphia, on Monday the 3d instant, of dysentery, Daniel Carmichel of Binghamton, New York, aged 51.

Mr. Carmichel left home a few days before his death, with a presentiment that he should never return. The death of his brother, which occurred about a month since, had made a deep and melancholy impression upon his mind, and this, aggravated, by an indisposition under which he was suffering, persuaded him that his own end was near, and perhaps, in some degree, hastened it. He died after only three days serious illness.

This brief relation will be read with deep interest by many of the readers of this paper. Mr. Carmichel was one of those rare men who modestly conceal their worth from the eyes of the world while living, but whose goodness is proclaimed by many tongues when dead, and when the presence of that modesty restrains them no longer. Few obeyed more implicitly the divine injunction of concealing from the one hand what was done by the other; and a common expression of grief at his loss will doubtless reveal to many people how many others there are who, like themselves, have known of his generous bounty, and experienced the substantial advantage of his friendship. Many such will read these lines, and feel that sad and painful interest which asks how, as well as why, such a man was cut off in the pride of his manhood.

Mr. Carmichel has left a widow, and a family of young children to whose care and education he proposed to devote the remainder of his days. His untiring industry and great enterprise and energy had met with their just reward, and he had retired, only a few months since, to a farm at Binghamton, with a fortune ample for his moderate desires and plans, deeming a country life the most conducive to the moral and physical welfare of his young family, and that their care and his many schemes of benevolence would give him full employment. Not these children only, not only a very large circle of personal friends, but all who have at heart the good of their fellow-men, have reason to mourn that the path of usefulness which he had marked out for himself terminated so soon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Domestic Correspondence.

Letter from Calvin Fairbank.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, August 31st, 1849.

DEAR SIR: It gives me the greatest pleasure to know that the moral state of this Republic is undergoing, as fast and as far as our most sanguine expectations have allowed us to anticipate, a thorough retrenchment and reform.

The evils of previous Administrations, it is true, have brought a stain upon our country which, in my opinion, must brand her with infamy for centuries to come.

The indefatigable spirit that held a majority of the PEOPLE in captivity in 1844 has made a fatal inroad upon the safety of our nation, which nothing but the most careful management and vigorous effort can arrest.

I think that since the close of the *Mexican war* there has been a disposition manifested by some States, communities and individuals tending to the reformation of the country South. It is evident that the people, at any rate in Kentucky, as I know, have experienced and are still experiencing a very great change upon the subject of Slavery; they are beginning to see more clearly the Rights of Man; the infinite sin of holding human beings in involuntary Slavery, where it is so easy to accomplish its abolition; and also to see how far this would be conducive to their interests politically, socially, physically and morally.

Prejudice has kept the people out of their own rights up to this day; but it is to be hoped that, notwithstanding the vulgar ignorance of Kentucky has triumphed over her talent and refinement, there is still an antidote for her malady.

To my certain knowledge, a greater change has taken place in the minds of the people since 1844 than has ever been known in the United States of this kind where there is so little hope. The people were prejudiced, mad, infuriated; they did not understand their rights and their duty; they did not appreciate the position of the people of the North, nor the principles by which they should be governed; indeed a majority of them do not yet care for any of these things.

I know that the most liberal minded men in the State would have been glad to have seen the triumph of the cause of Emancipation in the past August Election in Kentucky; and that some of her most distinguished citizens were its warmest advocates; such as Messrs. H. and C. M. Clay, Malcom, Breckenridge, S. Robin, Hon. M. Robinson of Lexington, R. Harding, the son of Benj. Harding, etc. etc; but it is lost for the present.

On my way down the Kentucky river the next day after my pardon, (Friday, Aug 24th,) I heard gentlemen and ladies both freely and fearlessly and warmly discussing the subject of Emancipation. As we waited at the mouth of the river at Carrolton, I met with one lady who was exceedingly indignant at the treatment received by Pres. Malcom of Georgetown College, for voting for an Emancipation candidate. I said to her: "Madam, how dare you talk so? do you not know that you are in Kentucky? and do you know to whom you are talking?" She replied in a very earnest and fearless manner, "Yes sir, I know I am in Kentucky; and I suppose I am conversing with a gentleman; but, although I am not allowed to vote, I am allowed to speak, at least if I speak in a becoming manner. I am one of the people; a citizen of Kentucky, and resident of Georgetown, and I have a right to speak." She, of course, knew very little of the gentleman with whom she was conversing, as no person on the boat had any intimation that I had received the Governor's pardon, which the worthy keeper and agent of the Kentucky Penitentiary handed me on Thursday, the 23d of August, at 3 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Such has been the public sentiment upon the subject of *Slavery*, and such is the present state of the public mind, that my release has been effected with satisfaction to people who would have complained of it most bitterly three years ago; and I have to thank the magnanimity with which some of the people have acted, especially Captain M. Craig, Mr. R. Pindell, Mr Clay, the Rev Mr. Robinson, and others. It is feared by some that Governor Crittenden may incur censure for granting my pardon, untrammelled, and unprejudiced, notwithstanding the vast amount of prejudice he is aware exists in the community. His sense of justice, however, and the vast number of petitioners not only from his own State, but from my native place, (Western N Y) and other communities is a sufficient justification for him, and he stands unshaken, fearless and independent, for he knows he acted like a patriot, a christian, and a statesman.

Upon my dear father's death in Lexington, July 7, by an attack of cholera I felt to complain. I felt like Logan. I would not have turned on my heel to have saved my life, but, upon reflection I became more reasonable, for every advisable measure had been taken to procure my pardon, and I was as you would readily suppose somewhat out of patience that the work went on so slowly. But it was a great undertaking to attempt to effect the release of one in a State like Kentucky, where the popular sentiment had become so diametrically opposite to the spirit of its laws in 1844, for then the infuriated mob would not have given me the opportuni-

a jury trial, but would have put in execution the *Lords and Lynch*, and hanged me on the first hand they had their way.

was reported soon after my conviction, that I had ated a part or the whole of my opposition to very. There was no foundation for anything of this only so far as unlawful interference was concerned her I remained before the jury empanelled for my ing defence: "Though I have said in public in private, before my friends and before my ene- and before high Heaven, and the God that filleth , I am an Abolitionist, yet, viewing the subject in now, I could not be induced to do the same direction ." And I think that it was high time for me to this grave conclusion when I found nothing hank and Miss Webster are not worthy the sym- of honest-hearted Abolitionists, and for no other ons than that Fairbank was a hypocrite, for he went sent advocates of Abolition, and the cause of the ; who were at every opportunity rendering aid to fugitive to secure his escape, not only refused, or ected to aid me, but actually turned against me. ence, in his *Christian Politician*, said that rbank and Miss Webster are not worthy the sym- of honest-hearted Abolitionists, and for no other ons than that Fairbank was a hypocrite, for he went sent advocates of Abolition, and the cause of the ; who were at every opportunity rendering aid to fugitive to secure his escape, not only refused, or ected to aid me, but actually turned against me. ence, in his *Christian Politician*, said that

Now I have long been of opinion that the Historic Muse is a terrible liar. I never had a friend who did not betray me at one time or other with the story of Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower of London, and why should you escape? When that chivalrous courtier was im- prisoned in his later and darker days by the contempt- ible James I. he employed his leisure time in writing the History of the World, and had completed the re- cord of a few thousand years pretty much to his satis- faction, when one day hearing a scuffle outside the Tower walls he sent a servant to learn the cause. The man brought back an account which so much excited Sir Walter's curiosity that he sent another and yet another messenger for further particulars. The three accounts differed materially; and he was so struck by the difficulty of arriving at the real circumstances of an affair that occurred almost within his own hearing, that he threw down his pen in disgust, declaring it im- possible to attempt the relation of events which had occur- red many ages ago. Nearly all the newspaper reports of the Queen's visit give a false view of the only im- portant circumstance connected with it—I mean the nature of her reception by the people—the multitude— the "mere Irish." All the English papers—and nearly all the Irish, state it to have been full of cordial wel- come and loyal enthusiasm; and we are discovered to be an unusually loyal people, constitutionally wedded to royalty. It is hoped that, in spite of all that Mitch- ell and Smith O'Brien attempted, the people's hearts are in the right (loyal) place, that they delight in "the golden links which bind them to the throne," and that, after all, their love actually seem the Queen,—these links are strong, and henceforth they will be ready to love and reverence "our Queen."

Now as there was little business doing during the week of the Royal visit, except by the railways, as owners, millinery, tailors, gasfitters, and chandlers, (I am told the physicians have had a good time since) I had plenty of leisure to look about me, and the result was that I came to a very different conclusion. I have said above that I did not think loyalty a prevalent sentiment with that portion of the Irish people who do not belong to the upper and middle class, and I am still of the same opinion. In fact there has been nothing to generate loyalty among them. Royalty has been to them a thing afar off, which they have had more cause to fear than to love. While thousands and tens of thousands of our people have perished of hun- ger, royalty has absorbed about 1,800,000 dollars a year in the maintenance of an extravagant and sinful magnificence, utterly undisturbed—as far as I have been able to learn, though some of the loyal and courtly ad- dresses say otherwise—by their sufferings, or ill- disposed to relieve them. Royalty has been a symbol of wasteful expenditure which in England is looked on by great, though rapidly diminishing, numbers to be in- dispensable to the maintenance of the "honor and dignity of the crown." Some time since a number of Irish gentlemen in Constantinople obtained an audience of the Turkish Sultan and presented an address of thanks to him on the part of the Irish nation for his munificent gift of £1000 to our starving poor during the famine. It leaked out then—I dont exactly know how—that it had been Abdul Medjid's intention, so deeply did he feel for the misery of our poor country- men, to send to Ireland not one thousand but ten thou- sand pounds, and some ships-loads of provisions. But he was advised by his Ministers that it might give of- fence in England if a foreign sovereign were to trans- cend the charity of the British Queen, who had given £2000 for the same purpose—and so the matter drop- ped.

I believe I was mistaken in my former impressions that the generosity of the government towards the suf- fering poor of Ireland; I have since learned that the money expended in public works and otherwise for pur- poses of relief was merely raised on loan and added to the national debt, and that the interest of the money is a burden for which poor Ireland is chiefly liable. The Irish people by those who give away borrowed mo- ney which they leave it to posterity to pay, is somewhat more dubious than that of the multitudes of private individuals throughout the United States, the British Islands, and other parts of the world, who put their own hands into their own pockets and give of their own means on this occasion. It is foolish to expect real generosity from Governments. While the *people* of the United States were exhibiting such munificence to- wards the poor Irish as no foreign nation had ever be- fore done for another in affliction, the government of the United States was speaking in very timeless the amount of its sympathy, offering the Mexicans and labor- ing for the extension of the area of Slavery. And while the English Government was raising loans to keep the poor Irish from starvation, it was spending a much greater amount in butchering and subduing the finest, noblest, and freest people in India. Look at the Aus- trian, the Russian, and the French Governments at the present hour, and the relentless system of slavery-pro- pagandism so steadily pursued by the Model Repub- lic; and say, what need we expect from Governments? Well, but what about the Queen's visit. I will give you an illustration of my impression of the real nature of her reception by the people. A few months ago, while tak- ing a walk along our quays—which, by the way, are spacious and beautiful, our little river Liffey running between well built walls of our granite,—I saw a vast multitude lining the river on both sides and looking down upon the water. On asking the cause I was told that the clown belonging to Astley's equestrian troop was expected shortly to sail down the river seated in a tub drawn by four geese. Sure enough, in a short time appeared boats filled with musicians, and then came the clown seated in great majesty in a large tub, followed by the four geese fluttering and swimming. The good sized washing tub. It was a comical sight, and the people were highly gratified. And so they were when they saw the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal children. But on to Lady Fellow Abbey, and the reception which could make any one enthusiast,—those feelings which could make them forget that they were very poor, and that the Royal Lady had her broad brother-in-law on both sides,—that feeling that makes us forget ourselves in witnessing the representation of a great idea,—such a sentiment as the Highland Scotch felt for the unworthy Stuarts,—or the Catholic feels when he prostrates himself before the Host,—or the Old Guard felt for Napoleon,—I don't be- lieve there was a bit of it. There was no reason why they should feel it; they did not and do not feel it, and I am glad of it. I should rejoice if the English and Irish were united people, if they loved each other, and pulled well together. But I would not like to see any countrymen such fools as that after shouting last year for John Mitchell we should be beating hearts and kind- ling eyes, they should shout in like manner for the Queen of England now. It would be too ridiculous, and none could despise them more cordially than I should myself. I believe very few of the English themselves, I believe very few of the Irish, have a sense of self-respect remaining amongst us, and there is some self-respect remaining amongst us, and there is some self-respect remaining amongst us, and there is some

Miscellany.

From Frazer's Magazine.

INDIAN MEAL.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

It is much to be regretted that no individual of the many large classes whose business and interest it might seem to be, has yet taken any effective steps towards opening to our population the immense resource of Indian corn as an article of food. To all that have well considered it, this grain seems likely henceforth to be the staff of life for over-crowded Europe; capable not only of replacing the deceased potato which has now left us, but of infinitely surpassing in usefulness and cheapness all that the potato ever was.

For general attainability, there was no article of food ever comparable to it before; a grown man, in any part of Europe accessible by sea, can be supported on it, at this date, wholesomely, and, if we understood the business even agreeably, at the rate of little more than a penny a day—which surely is cheap enough. Neither, as the article is not grown at home, and can be procured only by commerce, need political economists dread new "Irish difficulties" from the cheapness of it. Nor is there danger, for unlimited periods yet, of its becoming dearer; it grows in the warm latitudes of the earth, profusely, with the whole impulse of the sun; can grow over huge tracts and continents lying vacant hitherto, festering hitherto as pestiferous jungles, yielding only rattle snakes and yellow-fever—it is probable, if we were driven to it, the planet Earth, sown where fit with Indian corn, might produce a million times as much food as it now does, or has ever done! To the disconsolate Malthusian this grain ought to be a sovereign comfort. In the single valley of the Mississippi alone, were the rest of the earth all lying fallow, there could Indian corn enough be grown to support the whole posterity of Adam now alive; let the disconsolate Malthusian fling his "geometrical series" into the corner; assist wisely in the "free-trade movement," and dry up his tears. For a thousand years or two, there is decidedly no danger of our wanting food, if we do not want good sense and industry first. In a word, this invaluable foreign corn is not only calculated, as we said, to replace the defunct potato, but to surpass it a thousand-fold in benefit for man; and if the death of the potato have been the means of awakening us to such an immeasurably superior resource, we shall, in addition to our sorrowful Irish reasons, have many joyful English, European, American and universal reasons, to thank Heaven that the potato has been so kind as to die!

In the meanwhile, though extensively employed in the British Islands within these three years, Indian corn cannot yet be said to have come into use; for only the bungled counterfeit of it is hitherto in use; which may be well called not the use of Indian corn, but the abuse of it. Government did, indeed on the first failure of the potato, send abroad printed papers about the cooking of this article, for behoof of the poor; and once, I recollect, there circulated in all the newspapers, for some weeks, promulgated by some 'Peace Missionary," a set of flowery prophetic recipes for making Indian meal into most palatable puddings, with "quarts of cream," "six eggs well whipt," &c—ingredients out of which the British female intellect used to make tolerable puddings, even without Indian meal, and by recipes of its own! Those recipes were circulated among the population—of little or no value, I now find, even as recipes—but in the meanwhile there was this fatal omission made, that no Indian meal on fair terms, and no good Indian meal on any terms at all, was or is yet attainable among us to try by any recipe. In that unfortunate condition, I say, matters still remain.

The actual value of Indian meal by retail, with a free demand, is about one penny per pound; or with a poor demand, as was inevitable at first, but need not have been necessary long, let us say three-halfpence a pound. The London shops, two years ago, on extensive inquiry, were not found to yield any of it under three-pence a pound—the price of good wheaten flour; somewhere between twice and three times the real cost of Indian meal. But further, and worse, all the Indian meal so purchaseable was found to have a *bitter*, fusty taste in it, which, after multiplied experiments, was not eradicable by any cookery, though long continued boiling in clear water did abate it considerably. Our approved method of cookery came at last to be, that of making the meal with either hot or cold water into a thick batter, and boiling it, tied up in a linen cloth or set in a crockery shape, for four or sometimes seven hours; which produced a thick handsome-looking pudding, such as one might have hoped would prove very eligible for eating instead of potatoes along with meat. Hope, however, did not correspond to experience. This handsome-looking pudding combined readily with any kind of sauce, sweet, spicy, oleaginous; but except the old tang of bitterness, it had little taste of its own; and along with meat, "it could," like Charles of Sweeden's bread, "be eaten," but was never good, at best was barely endurable.

Yet the Americans praised their Indian meal; celebrated its sapid excellencies, and in magazine-novels, as we could see, 'lyrically recognized" them. Where could the error lie? This meal, of a beautiful golden color, equably ground into fine hard powder, and without speck or admixture of any kind, seemed to the sight, to the feel and the smell, faultless; only to the taste was there this ineradicable final bitterness, which in bad samples even made the throat smart; and, as the meal seemed otherwise tasteless, acquired for it, from unpatriotic mockers among us, the name of "soot-and-sawdust meal." American friends at last informed us that the meal was *fusty*, spoiled; that Indian meal, especially in warm weather, did not keep sweet above a few weeks—that we ought to procure Indian corn, and have it ground ourselves. Indian corn was accordingly procured; with difficulty from the eastern city regions; and with no better result, nay with a worse. How old the corn might be we, of course, knew only by testimony not beyond suspicion; perhaps it was corn of the second year in bond; but at all events the meal of it too was bitter; and the new evil was added of an intolerable mixture of *sand*; which, on reflection we discovered to proceed from the English millstones; the English millstones, too soft for this new substance, could not grind it, could only grind themselves and it, and so produce a mixture of meal and sand. Soot-and-sawdust meal with the addition of brayed flint; there was plainly no standing of this. I had to take farewell of this Indian meal experiment; my poor patriotic attempt to learn eating the new food of mankind, had to terminate here. My molendinary resources (as you who read my name will laughingly admit) were small; my individual need of meal was small—in fine, my stock of patience too was done.

This being the condition under which Indian meal is hitherto known to the British population, no wonder they have little love for it, no wonder it has got a bad name among them! "Soot-and saw-dust meal with an admixture of brayed flint," this is not a thing to fall in love with; nothing but starvation can well reconcile a man to this. The starving Irish paupers, we accordingly find, do but eat and curse; complain loudly that their meal is unwholesome, that it is bad and bitter; that it is this and that; to all which there is little heed paid, and, the official person has to answer with a shrug of the shoulders. In the unwholesomeness, except perhaps for defect of boiling, I do not at all believe; but as to the bitter uncooked unpalatability my evidence is complete.

Well, three days ago I received, direct from the barn of an American friend, as it was stowed there last autumn, a small barrel of Indian corn in the natural state; large ears or cobs of the Indian corn, merely stript of its loose leaves. On each ear, which is of obelisk shape, about the size of a large, thick truncated carrot, there are perhaps about five hundred grains, arranged in close order in their eight columns; the color gold yellow, or in some cases with a flecker of blood-red. These grains need to be rubbed off, and ground by some rational miller, whose mill-stones are hard enough for the work; that is all the secret of preparing them. And here comes the important point. This grain, I now for the first time find, is *sweet*, among the sweetest; with an excellent rich taste, something like that of nuts; indeed, it seems to me, perhaps from novelty in part, decidedly sweeter than wheat, or any other grain I have ever tasted. So that, it would appear, all our experiments hitherto on Indian meal have been vitiated to the heart by a deadly original sin, or fundamental falsity to start with; as if experimenting on Westphalian ham, all the ham presented to us hitherto for trial had been—in a *rancid* state. The difference between ham and rancid-ham, M. Soyer well knows, is considerable! *This* is the difference, however, this highly considerable one, we have had to encounter hitherto in all our experiences of Indian meal. Ground by a reasonable miller, who grinds only it, and not his mill-stones along with it, this grain, I can already promise, will make excellent, cleanly, wholesome, and palatable eating; and be fit for the cook's art under all manner of conditions; ready to combine with whatever judicious condiment, and reward well whatever wise treatment he applies to it; and, indeed, on the whole, I should say, a more promising article could not well be submitted to him, if his art is really a useful one.

These facts, in a time of potato-failures, apprehension of want, and occasional fits of wide-spread too authentic want and famine, when M. Soyer has to set about concocting miraculously cheap soup, and the Government to make enormous grants and rates-in-aid, seem to me of a decidedly comfortable kind—well-deserving practical investigation by the European Soyer, governments, poor-law boards, mendicity societies, friends of distressed needlewomen, and friends of the human species, who are often sadly in alarm as to the "food prospects"—and who have here, if they will clear the entrance, a most extensive harbor of refuge. Practical English enterprise, independent of benevolence, might now find, and will by and by have to find, in reference to this foreign article of food, an immense development. And as for specially benevolent bodies of men, whose grand text is the "food prospects," they, I must declare, are wandering in darkness with broad day beside them, till they teach us to get Indian meal, such as our American cousins get, that we may eat it with thanks to Heaven as they do. New food, whole continents of food—and not rancid ham, but the actual sound Westphalia! To this consummation we must come; there is no other harbor of refuge for hungry human populations—but all the distressed population fleets and disconsolate Malthusians of the world may ride there; and surely it is a great pity the entrance were not cleared a little, and a few buoys set up, and soundings taken by competent persons."

C.

A PICTURE OF WAR.

"Let us look farther at the true character of the Institution of War. It has been pointedly said in England, that the whole object of Kings, Lords, and Commons, and of the complex British Constitution, is 'to get twelve men into a jury-box,' and Mr. Hume repeats the idea when he declares that the *administration of justice* is the grand aim of government. If this be true of individual nations in their municipal affairs, it is equally true of the Commonwealth of Nations. The whole complex system of the Law of Nations, overarching all the Christian States, has but one distinct object, *the administration of justice* between nations. Would that with pen or tongue I could adequately expose the enormity of this system, involving, as it does, a violation of the precepts of religion, of the dictates of common sense, of the suggestions of economy, and of the most precious sympathies of humanity! Would that I could impart to all who hear me, something of the strength of my own convictions!

"I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of War. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death, that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacred towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters and daughters—of fathers, brothers and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavment, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of Peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

> "Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
> Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
> 'Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall.
> O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sister, for them all!'

Horror struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful, answer, comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

"The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvass broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in dimensions like floating happy islands of the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travellers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the mast head shall give the signal of fellowship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yard-arms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped 'the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks'—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave—whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murders of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length these vessels—such proudly built—but now rudely shattered by cannon-balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest—away from country and home—where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy, but truthful, answer promptly comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations.

"Yes! the barbarous brutal relations which once prevailed between individuals, which prevailed still longer between the communities, principalities and provinces composing nations, have not yet been banished from the great Christian Commonwealth. Religion, reason, humanity, first penetrate the individual, next small communities, and widening in their influence, slowly leaven the nations. Thus while we condemn the bloody contests of individuals, of towns, of counties, of provinces, of principalities, and deny to them the *right of waging war*, or of appeal to the *Trial by Battle*, we continue to uphold an atrocious System of folly and crime, which is to nations what the System of Petty Wars was to principalities and provinces, what the Duel was to individuals; for *War is the Duel of Nations*. As from Pluto's throne flowed those terrible rivers, Styx, Acheron, Cocytus and Phlegethon, with their lamenting waters and currents of flame, so from this established System flow the direful currents of War. 'Ours is a damnable profession,' is the recent confession of a veteran British General. 'War is a trade of barbarians,' exclaimed Napoleon, in a moment of truthful remorse, prompted by his bloodiest field. 'Give them Hell,' was the language written on a slate by a speechless, dying American officer. Alas! these words are not too strong. The business of War cannot be other than a damnable profession—a trade of barbarians; and War itself is certainly Hell on earth. But consider well—do not forget—let the idea sink deep into your souls, animating you to constant endeavors—that this damnable profession, that this trade of barbarians, is a part of the War System, which is sanctioned by International Law, and that War itself is Hell, recognized, legalized, established, organized by the Commonwealth of Nations!

"'Put together,' says Voltaire, 'all the vices of all the ages and places, and they will not come up to the mischiefs of one campaign.' This is a strong speech. Another of surer truth might be made. Put together all the ills and calamities from the visitations of God, from convulsions of nature, from pestilence and famine, and they shall not equal the ills and calamities inflicted through the visitation of War, by man upon his brother man—while alas! the sufferings of War are without the alleviation of those gentle virtues which ever attend the involuntary misfortunes of the race. Where the horse of Attila had been, a blade of grass would not grow; but in the footprints of pestilence, of famine, and the earthquake, the kindly charities have sprung into life.

"The last century has witnessed three peculiar visitations of God; first, the earthquake at Lisbon; next, the Asiatic Cholera, as it moved slow and ghastly, with its scythe of death, from the Delta of the Ganges, over Bengal, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Russia, till Europe and America shuddered before the spectral reaper; and, lastly, the recent famine in Ireland, consuming, with remorseless rage, the population of that ill-fated land. It is impossible to estimate precisely the deadly work of the Cholera or of the famine, or to picture the miseries which they caused. But the single brief event of the earthquake can be portrayed in authentic colors.

"Lisbon, whose ancient origin was referred by fable to the wanderings of Ulysses, was one of the fairest cities of Europe. From the summit of seven hills, it looked down upon the sea, and the bay studded with cheerful villages—upon the broad Tagus, expanding into a harbor ample for all the navies of Europe, and upon a country of rare beauty, smiling with the olive and the orange, amidst the grateful shadows of the cypress and the elm. A climate, which offered flowers in winter, enhanced these peculiar advantages of position, and a numerous population thronged its narrow and irregular streets. Its forty churches, its palaces, its public edifices, its warehouses, its convents, its fortresses, its citadel, had become a boast. Not by War, not by the hand of man, were these solid structures levelled, and all this beauty changed to desolation.

"Lisbon was taken and sacked by an earthquake on the morning of November 1st, 1755. The spacious warehouses were destroyed; the lordly edifices, the massive convents, the impregnable fortresses, the lofty citadel, were toppled to the ground; and as the affrighted people sought shelter in the churches, they were crushed beneath the falling mass. Twenty thousand persons perished in this catastrophe. Fire and robbery mingled with the earthquake, and this beautiful city seemed for a short time to be obliterated. All the powers of Europe were touched by this great misfortune, and succor from all sides was offered to repair the loss. Within three months English vessels appeared in the Tagus loaded with generous contributions—£20,000 in gold—a similar sum in silver—six thousand barrels of salt meat, four thousand barrels of butter, one thousand bags of biscuit, twelve hundred barrels of rice, ten thousand quintals of corn, besides hats, stockings, and shoes.

"Such was the desolation, and such the charity sown by the earthquake at Lisbon—an event, which, after the lapse of nearly a century, still stands without a parallel. But war shakes from its terrible folds all this desolation, without its attendant charity. Nay, more; the Commonwealth of Nations, *voluntarily agrees, each with the other*, under the grave sanctions of International Law, to invoke this desolation, in the settlement of the controversies among its members, while it expressly enjoins upon all its members, not already parties to the controversy, to abstain from rendering succor to the unhappy victim. High tribunals are established, whose special duty it is to uphold this Arbitrament, and to enforce, with unrelenting severity, these barbarous injunctions, to the end that no aid, no charity, shall come to revive the sufferer or to alleviate the calamity. Vera Cruz has been bombarded and wasted by the American arms. Its citadel, its churches, its houses have been shattered, and peaceful families at their firesides have been torn in mutilated fragments by the murderous bursting shell; but the universal, the English charities, which helped restore Lisbon, were not offered to the ruined Mexican city. They could not have been offered, without a violation of the *Laws of War!*

"It is because men have thus far seen War chiefly in the light of their prejudices, regarding it only as an agency of attack or defence, or as a desperate sally of wickedness, that it becomes difficult to recognize it as a form of judgment, sanctioned and *legalized* by Public Authority. Let us learn to regard it in its true character, as an establishment of the Commonwealth of Nations, and it will no longer seem merely an expression of the lawless passions of men—no longer a necessary incident of imperfect human nature—no longer an unavoidable, uncontrollable volcanic eruption of rage, of *vengeances and counter-vengeances*, knowing no bounds—but it will be clearly recognized as a monstrous and gigantic Institution provided for the adjudication of international rights—as if it was established that an earthquake, with its uncounted woes, and without its attendant charities, might be legally invoked as the Arbiter of Justice."—*Sumner's Lecture on Peace.*

THOMAS HOOD.

"Poor Hood!" Thus does every one speak of the lamented Thomas Hood, who died just as the world was beginning to appreciate the true genius of the man, but before he could reap any of its substantial rewards. Hoods reputation through life was that of a humorist, for he wrote for bread, and as the public would not have Hood's deeper thoughts, he gave them his lighter ones; he spun them 'comic annuals,' and 'laughter from year to year;' and thus he managed to live on from day to day. But just before he passed away, there rung through our island those thrilling stanzas, appealing to the profoundest sympathies of the human heart, 'The Song of the Shirt,' 'The Lay of the Laborer,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs;' and then it was the public decreed that Hood was something more than a Humorist; that he was, in fact, a great tragic poet.

Thomas Hood was of Scotch parentage, though born in London, where his father was a partner in the book-selling firm of Vernon and Hood, Poultry. He was first apprenticed as a merchant's clerk, but his health being delicate, it was found necessary to take him away from his desk, and he was sent to his father's relatives in Dundee, where he remained some time, and made his successful debut as a writer in the pages of the local magazines and journals. Here, doubtless, he acquired his knowledge of the broad Scotch dialect, which we find him re producing in the old Scotch housekeeper in 'Tylney Hall,' a novel, though not much known, of the most powerful character, full of highly wrought incident, and situations of the most tragic kind.

With his health somewhat restored, he returned to London, and was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert Sands, the engraver and was afterwards transferred to one of the Le Keuxs. He was a good draughtsman, and might have attained distinction in his profession, but that he was soon attracted from it by the more agreeable pursuit of literature. Yet, we often afterwards find him at work with the pencil and graver, in furnishing the quaint and comical designs of his own works, in his 'Bonnie Annuals,' 'Up the Rhine,' 'Magazine,' &c.

We believe his first published book of poems was his 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' a little work full of poetic beauty; tender, graceful, and exquisite. But the book was not popular; indeed, it is not so yet. So, as the public would not take his poetry, he met them on their own ground, and gave them jokes and *facetiæ*, which they would read. Laughter, however, was not Hood's only object in writing. He amused the multitude to attract their attention, and he used his wit and humor as the vehicles wherewith to convey his wholesome and lasting lessons of morality. Though, as a writer who lived by his writings, he had to write that which the public would buy, and thus suited his productions to the general taste, he never wrote down to the lowest taste. His wit was never sullied by impurity or coarseness, never indelicate nor profane. Nay, his delicacy was extreme; he was as sensitive as a mimosa leaf, and a sort of melancholy often dashed his merriest writings, which made his jests to 'scald like tears.' Many of his quaint and laughter-exciting conceits were steeped in human feeling and passion. As he himself has so touchingly said—

> "All things are touched with melancholy,
> Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
> To feel her fair ethereal wings
> Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
> Even the bright extremes of joy
> Bring on conclusions of disgust.
> Like the sweet blossom of the May,
> Whose fragrance ends in must.
> Oh, give her, then, her tribute just,
> Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
> There is no music in the life
> That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
> There's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But has its chord in melancholy."

Towards the close of Hood's life, while he was still popularly known as a humorist, there appeared in the columns of *Punch* that wonderful poem which instantly thrilled through the hearts of thousands, and produced an effect such as, we believe, no piece of writing within the same small compass had ever before done—his agonizing "Song of the Shirt." Parliamentary reports had exposed, in long detail, the hardships inflicted on a large portion of the industrious community; volumes had been written about them, eloquent speeches delivered on the subject, the miseries of our female artizans—dressmakers and shirtmakers—had been deplored in all forms, but Hood's little poem effected more than them all. It went straight to its mark; it thrilled the common heart. He hit the nail on the head, and sent it home at a blow. Not less touching, not less full of penetrating truth, was his 'Bridge of Sighs,' one of the most powerful expositions of a great social evil, a cancerous sore eating away the hearts of multitudes of human beings, which has ever been penned. These pieces, short though they were, revealed the almost Shaksperian genius of Thomas Hood. They were the last thoughts of his great heart, ever longing for the emancipation and happiness of the down-trodden and the suffering many. And thus floating away toward the deep waters of eternity, did he in these piteous appeals to human sympathy pour out his soul in song.

Notwithstanding the great genius of Hood, and the large amount of literary labor of various kinds which he performed, he died very poor, for the literary man has no position in England; he may be a great genius, but if his books do not sell very largely, and he cannot command high prices for his copyrights, he may soon starve. The literary labors of twenty years enabled Hood to do no more than subsist, and the only legacy he left to his family was his fame. We cannot but lament, that the close of the poet's career, hopeful and clear though it was, was clouded by this reflection, though the generous letter of Sir Robert Peel, communicating the intelligence that a pension of £100 a year had been granted to his wife, did much to alleviate the pressure of this anxiety. The life of the mere literary man is one of great labor and of small gains; it is precarious; and his genius, or literary stock in trade, cannot be bequeathed, like a bookselling or banking business to his offspring. The literary laborer must always be at the mill-wheel, grinding, whether well or ill; and it is the nature of literary labor to wear into the health, and to stimulate into unhealthy activity the nervous system at the expense of the physical power. Hood was a victim to the 'literary ailment.' For many years, towards the close of his life, he was laboring under disease—habitually ill—dying slowly; and yet he wrote on. In one of the last publications to which he gave his name as editor, 'Hood's Magazine,' he thus humorously pointed out the pains of the literary life, in an imaginary letter from 'A Subscriber:'—

"SIR,—By your not coming ont on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up, being notorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course, like my poor Robert, for I've had a literary branch in my own fammily, a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a munth; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow! as I often said, so much head work, and nothin but head work, will make a cherubbim of you: and so it did. Nothing but write, write write: and read, read, read: and as our Doctor says, it's as bad to study till all is broun, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And werry good advice it is, when it can be follered, witch is not always the case; for if necessity has no Law, it has a good deal of Litteratur, and Authors must rite what they must.

"As poor Robert used to say about seddentory habits, its very well, says he, to tell me about, like Mr. Wordsworth's single man as he grew double, sticking to my chair; but if there's no sitting, says he, ther'll be no hatching; and if I brood too much at my desk, its because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh! its very well, says he, to cry, up with you, and go fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stofilis, and there's a devil waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Dr. Forster's. I know its killin me, says he, but if I die of overwork, its in the way of my vocation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurridge him. Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and wormy jelly, and Island moss; but he could'nt eat. And no wonder; for mental labor, as the Doctor said, wears out the stommack as well as the branes; and so he'd been spinning out his inside, like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enough; one of that sort with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a body in the middle.

"Anuther bad thing is settin up all nite, as my sun did, but it's all again natur. Not but what sum must, and partickly the writers of politicks for the papers; but they ruin the cunstitushun. And, besides, even poetry is apt to get prosy, after twelve or one: and some late authors read very sleepy. But, as poor Robert said, what is one to do, when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And, to be sure, April, June, and September are all short munths, but Febber-*very*. However, one grate thing is, relaxing, if you can, as the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy? why, being always in the workhouse, and never at the playhouse. So, get out of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your best things and unbend yourself, like a beau. If you've been at your poeticle flights, go and look at the Tems Tunnel; and if you're tired of being witty, go and spend an hour with the wax wurk. The mind requires a change, as well as the merchants.

"So take my advice, sir—a mother's advice—and relax a little. You want brassing, a change of hair, and more stummuck. And you ought to ware flannel, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses pail? Its as good as camomile tea. But above all, there's one thing I recommend to you, steal wine; its been a savin to some invalids.

"Hoping you will excuse this liberty from a stranger, but a well-meaning one, I am, sir,

A SUBSCRIBER."

Thus could Hood play with a subject full of painful import, and inculcate severe truths, in quaint and humorous guise. He made the eye dance with laughter, at the same time that he touched the heart to its depths. It was Comus teaching sympathy and human kindness. The laugh passed away, but the stern truth remained.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

WOMEN IN ICARIA.

Attention has hardly as yet been settled upon Mr. Cabet and his society of communists at Nauvoo, but this will not long be the case. They are already busily at work rebuilding the Temple as a *workshop*, and planting the fields, soon again to teem with an abundant harvest. For some days back we have had the circular of Mr. Cabet upon our table, and it has been noticed in the city papers—at present we have but room for an outline of the *condition of females* of the association. These people have been much slandered upon this point; it will be seen that the peculiarity which attaches itself to the ideas on the subject is in no wise opposed to the received view of Christian civilization. In matter of *divorce* we think our legislators at Jefferson may take a good lesson from those at Nauvoo.

The first fifteen or sixteen years of a female's life are consecrated to her physical, intellectual, and moral education. She will be taught (as well as the young men) the elements of all the sciences and arts, every means being taken to render the study easy and agreeable. Above all, she will be taught to be a good daughter, sister, wife, mother, housekeeper, and citizen.

All the women (except those likely to become mothers, or having young children, or those past the age of labor, these being the objects of the special care of the community,) will be occupied in the workshops, exercising a profession of their own choice; all that can be possible, will be done by machines and otherwise, to render the work agreeable and easy.

Marriage, and the domestic attachments, will exist in all their purity and all their force—we hold them to be the chief source of happiness in social life; this we think so evident that it is not necessary to prove it; the contrary is the opinion of but few, and appears so erroneous, false, imprudent, to the universal feeling, that it must spring either from folly or a perfidious hostility to Communion.

It is not marriage which is an evil, but its bad organization; it being contracted for all sorts of interested motives, the bad education of the husband and wife, the danger to want to which children are exposed and its indissolubility. To remedy this it is not necessary to suppress marriage but to organize it better, which will be done in community; there cannot be any fortune; the parties will be better educated, the children will be amply provided for; but if it should be absolutely necessary, divorce (under very great and well-considered restrictions) will render both parties free to accept legitimate offers. The Communists do not intend that divorce shall be encouraged by its facility, but that it shall, in extreme cases, be a remedy attainable, in order to protect all, and especially women, from a life-long tyranny, admitting of no escape, except perhaps, by some lightly formed immoral connection leading to misery.

The young men will be disposed, by education, to become good husbands and fathers; the young women to fulfil all the duties of good wives and mothers. There will be no marriage settlements, therefore, the choice will depend on personal fitness; the young people will have every proper facility for enjoying each other's society; every body may marry without fear of being "burthened by a family," children being the peculiar charge of the State, &c. *St. Louis Reveille.*

LAMARTINE INSANE.

Mr F. Gaillardet writes as follows to the *Courier Des Etats* of this city. His letter is dated Paris, Aug. 16:

Last week M. de Lamartine had assembled at his table, several of his intimate friends, before leaving for the Cote d'Or, where he has offered for sale his paternal estate, which fortune does not permit him to retain. The author of the "Girondists" seemed absent-minded, but this sad pre-occupation was easily attributed to the hard extremity to which he was reduced, and to the physical pains of an acute rheumatism which had prevented his appearance at the National Assembly since his election.

The illustrious invalid took soup with his guests, then caused himself to be served with it three times more in succession, as if he had taken nothing at all. After that, during the whole repast he wore a sad and dreamy air, and touched nothing until a plate of *meringues a la creme* was placed under his eye. At the sight of this dainty his brow cleared and he drew the plate towards him, examined it with a look of appetite, and then suddenly began to rub his hands with the cream and lathered his whole face with it. This act of derangement struck with stupor the guests and his tearful wife, who instantly rendered all possible care to the sufferer. A physician was called, and all present were besought to keep secret what after all may only be an accidental and temporary aberation. But is a secret possible now-a-days? This one has got out like all the rest. In spite of the *respectability* of the drawing rooms in which I have gathered the report I prefer to doubt its authenticity. The insanity of Lamartine would be not only a misfortune, but a sort of dishonor for entire humanity, struck in one of its most admirable illustrations. Every intelligence would incline to mistrust itself, and would feel itself in some sort shaken by the fall of Lamartine.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Victor Hugo is President of the Peace Congress sitting in Paris, and Elihu Burritt is one of the Vice Presidents.

The *Homœopathic Times* says: "Homœopathy enjoys the confidence of some members of the royal family, who, when attacked with disease will not be treated according to any other system."

ARBITRATION.—Some ingenious advocates of peace have made an analysis of the division on Mr. Cobden's motion. The result shows that the members (79) who voted for it, represent 4,356,786; whilst the majority (176) who voted against it, represent only 2,931,640.

A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the pigs. "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

Army morals are curious. My Lord Londonderry and his officers are indignant that Heald "of ours" should have wedded Lola Montes, and he must leave the regiment! Now, had Lola Montes lived with the young soldier, openly, dashingly, his avowed mistress, would the mess have said a word except in jibe or congratulation? Fashion, mere fashion, lays down the code of army morality.—*London News.*

What, indeed, does not the word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition, it means humility and charity, it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited, that is, bigoted; that is cruel, that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian.—*Punch.*

A PROVERB EXPLAINED.—We often hear people use the expression, "Stuff a cold, and starve a fever;" and many think this plan should be literally adopted, and proceed to act accordingly. I never properly understood the sense of the proverb until one of my professional friends explained to me that there was an ellipsis in the sentence, and that it should be understood as a brief way of saying—"Stuff a cold, and you will have to starve a fever."

A correspondent suggests that, if Father Mathew did make those intemperate remarks about the British Government, they resulted from cordials taken medicinally for the stomach's sake. This we cannot credit. The *Gateshead Observer* says of the father's language: "The *Weekly News* charitably pronounces the report a 'hoax;' and, for Father Mathew's sake, we wish that it may be one. The 'Apostle of Temperance' should be above the vice of stinging the bosom that warms him."

The *Medical Times* remarks of the remedies propounded in the daily papers: "It is scarcely possible to eat, drink, or sleep—to fulfil any function, or pursue any avocation in life—without impinging on one of the cures for cholera. Brandy and beans, catechu, cajeput, camphor, cayenne, chloroform and calomel, opium and olive oil, salt and salts of all kinds, stimulus, sudorifics, et omne quod exit in ic, hot water, cold water, tepid water, rice-water, iced water, spring water, and sea-water; all of these are alike efficacious.

The *Galway Vindicator* reports an insurance case, at which a medical witness told of a very new disease. In reply to questions inferring that his practice might not be exactly regular, he stated that he had a patient who was hypochondriac and wished to know her ailment: "So," said the witness, "as Mr. Tuite, who lived opposite, had some large labels in front of his house, my eye caught the word 'emporium,' and to get rid of her I told her that she had—ha, ha, ha, ha'—an emporium in her stomach! This appeared to gratify her, and she is very well since."

The Edinburgh Dean of Guild, who has ordered the taking down of John Knox's house, is a highly respectable tailor. The *Witness* accordingly indulges in a display of tailor lore, stating that, as respects the building, the dean should have remembered the special virtues of "canvass, padding, and stay-tape," and that, though the work was really "sore done," it might, notwithstanding, be made to bear against wind and weather, were it to be "pressed well" and "damped all over," and "jambed in the crutch;" and, further, were there "a riding-strap to be put on, for at least a century yet!"

The *Limerick Examiner* contains an address from the Roman Catholic priests and people of the barony of Upper Connelloe: "We rejoice," they say to the Queen, "that the royal blood in thy veins is not polluted by descent from the monster Henry, from the boy-king, whose feeble hands were imbrued in the blood of his princely uncles, or from the foul murderess of thy last Catholic ancestress. We rejoice still more that the pure flow of thy royal descent is not derived from the assassin of Glencoe—the perfidious violator of the Treaty of Limerick. We hail thee as the royal daughter of Alfred, of the sainted Margaret of Scotland, and of the conqueror of Cressy and Poictiers."

SOME LITERARY RELICS.—"Rosamond's Bower, his [Thomas Crofton Crocker] residence at this period, has many literary associations connected with its pleasant memories. Maria Edgeworth, Lucy Aikin, Moore, Rogers, Sidney Smith, Barham ("Ingoldsby,") Hook, "Father Prout," and doubtless very many more kindred spirits, have all sat and communed beneath the beautiful weeping ash that we so well remember to have breakfasted under in the pretty garden, 'one bowery morning,' as it was called; and many were the quaint records which we saw, and then noted, of the visits of such guests. One chair bore the Herrick-like inscription of—

> "'Here Maria Edgeworth sat
> And did pat
> A cat,
> Who did pur
> Unto her.
> What is there to make a stir
> About that?
> "'27th December, 1848.'

Another chair on which the name of Moore had been deeply cut—

> "'This is to tell o' days
> When, on this cathedra,
> He of the Melodies
> Solemnly sat, agrah.'

There, too, was Thomson's table, which had been brought from the Dove Coffee-house, at Hammersmith, inscribed—

"HERE THOMPSON SUNG THE SEASONS AND THEIR CHANGE.'

> "'Here Thompson sung'—the phrase I quote
> Meaneth that here that poet wrote
> About the Seasons—'Spring' and 'Autumn'
> And here he drank the change they brought him.'"

[*Dublin Magazine*

A REAL GHOST-SEER.—The ghost-seer was a young candidate for orders, eighteen years of age, of the name of Billing. He was known to have very excitable nerves, had already experienced sensorial illusions, and was particularly sensitive to the presence of human remains, which made him tremble and shudder in all his limbs. Pfeffel being blind, was accustomed to take the arm of this young man, and they walked thus together in Pfeffel's garden, near Colmar. At one spot in the garden, Pfeffel remarked that his companion's arm gave a sudden start, as if he had received an electric shock. Being asked what was the matter, Billing replied, "Nothing." But on their going over the same spot again, the same effect recurred. The young man being pressed to explain the cause of his disturbance, avowed that it arose from a peculiar sensation which he always experienced when in the vicinity of human remains; that it was his impression a human body must be interred there; but if Pfeffel would return with him at night, he should be able to speak with greater confidence. Accordingly, they went together to the garden when it was dark; and as they approached the spot, Billing observed a faint light over it. At ten paces from it he stopped, and would go no farther for he saw hovering over it, or self-supported in the air, its feet only a few inches from the ground, a luminous female figure, nearly five feet high, with the right arm folded on her breast, the left hanging by her side. When Pfeffel himself stepped forward and placed himself about where the figure appeared to be, Billing said it was now on his right hand, now on his left, now behind, now before him. When Pfeffel cut the air with his stick, it seemed as if it went through and divided a light flame, which then united again. The visit, repeated the next night, with some of Pfeffel's relatives, gave the same result. They did not see anything. Pfeffel then, unknown to the ghost-seer, had the ground dug up; when there was found at some depth, beneath a layer of quicklime, a human body in progress of decomposition. The remains were removed and the earth carefully replaced. Three days afterwards, Billing, from whom this whole proceeding had been kept concealed, was again led to the spot by Pfeffel. He walked over it now without experiencing any unusual impression whatever. The explanation of this mysterious phenomenon has been but recently arrived at. The discoveries of Von Reichenbach, of which I gave a sketch in the first letter, announce the principle on which it depends. Among these discoveries is the fact that the *od* force makes itself visible as a dim light or waving flame to highly sensitive subjects. Such persons in the dark see flames issuing from the poles of magnets and crystals. Von Reichenbach eventually discovered that the *od* force is distributed universally, although in varying quantities. But among the causes which excite its evolution, one of the most active is chemical decomposition. Then happening to remember Pfeffel's ghost-story, it occurred to Von Reichenbach that what Billing had seen was possible *od* light. To test the soundness of this conjecture, Miss Reichel, a very sensitive subject, was taken at night to an extensive burying-ground near Vienna, where interments take place daily, and there are many thousand graves. The result did not disappoint Von Reichenbach's expectations. Whithersoever Miss Reichel turned her eyes, she saw masses of flame. This appearance manifested itself most about recent graves. About very old ones it was not visible. She described the appearance as resembling less bright flame than fiery vapor, something between fog and flame. In several instances the light extended four feet in height above the ground. When Miss Reichel placed her hand on it, it seemed to her involved in a cloud of fire. When she stood in it, it came up to her throat. She expressed no alarm, being accustomed to the appearance. The mystery has thus been entirely solved. For it is evident that the spectral character of the luminous apparition in the two instances which I have narrated had been supplied by the seers themselves. So the superstition has vanished; but, as usual, it veils a truth.—*Maya on Popular Superstitions.*

THE THREE GRACES.—There were three women under the Directory remarkable for their beauty and elegance,—according to the madrigals of the time they were the three graces; they were Madame Tallien, Josephine de Beauharnais, and Madame Recamier. The enchantresses were to be seen everywhere; at the concerts where Garat sang; at the balls where Trenitz danced—poor Trenitz! who afterwards died mad at Charenton. They appeared exactly at the same moment on the scene, like three flowers which had suddenly bloomed on the very edge of an extinguished volcano. Each had her separate political mission; they reigned and governed entirely through the influence of their beauty. Josephine, who was soon after to reign as empress, thus wrote to Madame Tallien to invite her to a brilliant *fete* at the Hotel Thelusson:—"Be sure to come in your peach-blossom slip. Our dresses must be exactly alike. I intend to wear a crimson handkerchief, fastened at the temples *a la Creole*. This style which is decidedly becoming to you, it may be rather presumptuous for me to assume. You are young; perhaps not prettier, but infinitely fresher and more blooming. We must endeavor to eclipse and to drive our rivals to despair. *C'est un coup de partie.*" Madame Recamier was the only one of the three who still wore in her latter days, the handkerchief fastened *a la Creole*. At that time there were continual contests of taste and novelty; after the revolutions of habits and manners, came a revolution in costume. Theresia Cabarrus restored the taste for the Greek fashions, the *coiffure a l'Athenienne*, the transparent and tightly fitting tunic. Josephine was the first who was ambitious to wear the purest cameos, and the most magnificent onyx stones and agates; these sparkled either on her dress or glittered in her hair. Madame Recamier, in her turn, introduced the veil, that chaste and elegant adornment which has the effect of agreeably piquing imagination and casting over … almost mystery. In 1800, Madame Recamier, who was just eighteen, lived in the fine *chateau* of Clichy la Garenne, which was afterwards destroyed. It would be impossible to form an idea of her Hebe-like freshness, unless she had been seen. Her education contributed still more to her charms; she was an admirable *pianiste*, and danced divinely, accompanying herself with the tambourine, which was then all the rage. It was at this *chateau* of Clichy, and, a short time afterwards, in her *salon* in the Rue du Mont Blanc, that Madame Recamier received almost all the princes of Europe. Her husband was rich then, enormously rich. The architect, …thaut, had transformed this hotel into a fairy palace; it seemed as if one of the tales of Galand had been realized.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

PRINCE ALBERT A GAUGER.—A correspondent citing very good authority for his statement, sends [London News] the following:—

Ere her Majesty, on the memorable morning of …day, Aug. 3, had put her foot on Irish ground, Prince Albert had sent for our old pilot, and went on shore to see with his own eyes the beauties of nature, which are so thickly strewn around as if to compensate us for our want of those of art. He tolled up a hill near "…rino," fresh and fasting, and, being weary, went into a cabin to ask for a tumbler of water. "Wisha," said the woman, who was mistress of the cabin, "I have not the tumbler, sorra a one in the house; but ye're welcome to the water if ye'll take it out of a basin." "That will do, thank you," said the Prince; "but, as it is very hot, perhaps you would give me some of your famous mountain-dew in it?" "Arrah, now," said the poor woman, "see if the gentlefolk don't be always after axing me for what I haven't a taste in life; but, if ya'r honor will go up to Mr. Franklin's above ye, you'll be sure of what's good." Now, to enjoy this story your readers should know that the woman *had* the potheen, and in no small portion either; but how shall I tell it? She took Prince Albert for a new gauger! "Thank you," replied the Prince, "but I have no time to spare." "May-be its hurrying to the Queen ye are?" suggested the knightess of the screw. "I hear she's come in, more power to her." "Yes, so I hear also." "Can ye tell, now, is the Prince with her, for I hear say he's a mighty handsome young man, and quite (quiet) withal?" This was too much for even princely gravity to bear: he hurriedly answered, "Oh, some years ago he was a … looking fellow enough, but now he is grown too …" and with a cherry laugh he darted from the cabin. Report adds, he met one of our picturesque-looking peasant girls—with her ragged dress, braided … laughing eye, graceful figure, naked legs,—and that his Royal Highness was graciously pleased to draw the damsel's attention to her beautifully shaped … and that so a graceful compliment and laughing … was bandied between a right-royal gentleman and a ragged Irish maid. And now, what harm? Nay, … good must not come from royalty blending for a … moment with rags, and throwing, as the Queen's … did, a halo round our darkness—a glory over our poverty—a smile to dry our tears! We have been … waters and the floods have gone over us, and th… entered into our soul, but Jehovah, who wounded … has sent our Queen to comfort us, and to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.

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